

THE PACIFIC

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Volume XLIX

Number 13

Three Lessons.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow ;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempests' mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call ;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, hope and love, and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

—Schiller.

THE PACIFIC

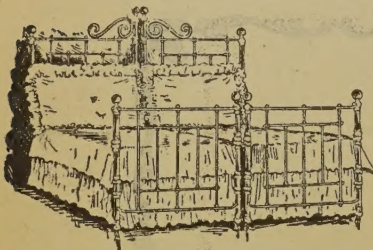
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 29 March: 1900

A Prayer.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on.
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

—Whittier.

Last week the newspapers had it that Professor McGiffert had withdrawn from the Presbyterian church. This week they have him still a member of that body. This week they report the Rev. Dr. Hillis as saying very severe things about the Westminster confession of faith while yet a member of the Chicago Presbytery, and as being scored by his former professors in McCormick Seminary because of such reported utterances. And it is said that Dr. Hillis will have to hustle to separate himself from that ecclesiastical connection, or suffer trial for heresy and the infliction of punishment for the same. Knowing how unreliable all such newspaper reports are, we shall await next week for something a little more authoritative and reliable as to the statements made by Dr. Hillis in his sermon in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, last Sunday. Dr. Hillis may have said something sufficient to startle some reporter anxious to be startled. It is everywhere well known nowadays that it doesn't require much from a clergyman to do this. Reporters are as ready to be startled as a deer is out in the forest. Being startled pays them well. But that Dr. Hillis has said anything radically different from what he had said theretofore is not at all certain. It has long been known in theological circles that he did not accept without much reservation the Westminster confession of faith. It is known also that there are to-day in Presbyterian ranks a large number of ministers who do not accept it in any other manner. And it is only a mat-

ter of time when the question of its revision will press upon the church far more powerfully than it did a few years ago. Were it not for the fact that only ministers and elders are required to subscribe to it, it would not have stood the test of the years as it has. Persons are received into membership in Presbyterian churches on a much simpler form. The requirements are not as rigid as they are in many Congregational churches.

The "Morning Star," the loved missionary vessel, which for sixteen years has done noble service in extending the kingdom of Christ, and in which so many children and older people too have had a warm interest, will go on her voyages among the Micronesian Islands no more. Last week she was sold, and henceforth will be given to other uses. There is something of sadness in leaving this dear old missionary ship, so long consecrated to high usefulness, and around which so many sacred associations have clustered, diverted from her high calling to other pursuits. But age was telling on her. In the heat of the tropics she had grown somewhat prematurely old. The need of extensive repairs was becoming frequent. Her steam power was too feeble for the long voyages required of her, and the proposed expansion of the work called either for other arrangements or for a faster and larger vessel. Each "Morning Star" has had a history of its own. Two of them were broken on the coral reefs. One was sold, and was never heard of again. This one, the fourth, is to be refitted to carry argonauts to the golden sands of the north. It is hoped that other provision will soon be made to take supplies and missionaries this year to our stations in the Gilbert and Marshall and Caroline Islands.

All pain is not penal.

Divergent Opinions as to War.

About a year ago President Jordan of Stanford had pleasure in standing on the platform in a large auditorium in this city and introducing the Rev. Dr. John Watson of England to an immense audience gathered to hear him. In that introduction this famous man, known in literature as Ian Maclaren, was mentioned as one of the great intellectual lights of the age. But unexpected events have transpired since then. The people of Great Britain have since been engaged in a war in South Africa, and mind has been arrayed against mind the world over in the effort to assign properly the blame for that war. A few days ago President Jordan, speaking in an Eastern city, characterized it as simply murderous on the part of the British, and in the Boston Transcript, referring to the statement made by another, in effect that war "strengthens a nation morally, mentally and physically," he said: "Such a statement is the result of sheer ignorance. One cannot at once respect the honesty and the intelligence of the man who makes it. . . . War can only waste and corrupt." About the same time that President Jordan was so declaring himself in Boston, Ian Maclaren was saying in London, in a sermon in Wesley's Chapel, things quite the reverse concerning war. His subject was, "Comfort for England." Stating what he called the facts of history he said that God had delivered them as a nation from many perils in the past; that if God had not helped them in the sixteenth century, then there had been no English nation to-day; had he not helped them at the beginning of this century, then England had been a province of France. And he asked, "Is it not a provincialism of faith, and is it not a form of unbelief, that will find God in the quarrels of the Judges, and not find him in the battles of the Peninsular War?" And "Pitt and Wellington," said Dr. Watson, "were as distinctly servants of God in history as Jephthah and Samson; and if those old merciless fighters of the Judges did a great service to civilization and righteousness by sweeping out of power a decadent Canaanite stock, so surely at the beginning of this century were we fighting and making for righteousness in Europe and in the world."

As to the cleansing influence of war Dr. Watson was plain and emphatic. His words

were as follows: "Some of us were afraid in past years that our people, through their great commercial prosperity and through certain social influences, were growing soft and losing their moral fiber, and some of us considered that nothing would so cleanse the nation as a great war. We dare not pray for such a thing; for, ah me, the widows and the orphans; but we felt if a war should come, it would cleanse England. And the war has come, and now the mass of our people are coming out of the furnace strong and refined." If, perchance, the Rev. Dr. John Watson should read in England those words from the pen of Dr. Jordan, over his own name in the Boston Transcript, they would not appear quite so honeyed as the mellifluous words sounding in his ears from the same source in the San Francisco auditorium. And Dr. Watson might well wonder what mishap had come to him during the year to so shear him of his honesty or intelligence.

It is not our intention to argue here for war as a cleansing power, but simply to show how men of commanding position and influence vary in their ideas concerning it. In the sermon from which quotation is made Dr. Watson mentions England's sins; but he declares that repentance followed, and he says that, according to their repentance, shall be the blessing of God, and he concludes his sermon as follows: "We have had our discipline; the fruits of chastisement, the peaceable fruits remain, and are to be gathered. We have learned humility, we have learned where our trust is, we have learned that the fear of God in the hearts and homes of the people is the greatest power in a nation. We have found out who are our friends in the world, and we have found out who are our enemies, and we are not going to forget. We have learned that this great empire is one which God has given us, and must be preserved so long as it is his will. We have found out the riches of courage, of manhood, of steadfastness, and of loyalty, which are in the hearts of English men and women. And God has fulfilled to us another prophecy—'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.' Comfort ye, comfort ye, England; speak ye home to the heart of

England: for the covenant stands between God and England."

As these lines are being penned one special wish is all the while in the mind of the writer—the wish that men occupying positions of great influence among us would be a little more temperate and considerate in their language than some are when they discuss the questions of the day. It is not the right thing for one to question men's honesty or intelligence every time they do not agree with him. Men of great honesty and wisdom die now and then, but neither honesty nor wisdom dies with them. Frequently, as in this case, such remarks strike where they were not intended to strike, and the foolishness in them is made very apparent.

In *The Pacific* for the 8th of March it was asserted in a contributed article that it could not be successfully disputed that this war in Africa is "wholly for sordid gain." The man who wrote that believes it. But in the person of Ian Maclaren we have one standing and saying: "It is not for gold that England is fighting to-day. No; when England rises in a body all such intriguers or speculators disappear, and England rose and fights to-day for that which has been dear to her from the Commonwealth downwards—for liberty, for righteousness, for equal rights between man and man, for lasting peace in a fair province of God's world, and for the ancient unstained glory of the English name. Wherefore, comfort ye, comfort ye, My people; speak ye home to the heart of England."

What a spectacle we should have, to be sure, if we should get these two gentlemen to a literary clawing and scratching over this matter. Quite sure are we that Ian Maclaren's beautiful and inspiring sentiments in the "Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne" would lose much of their beauty and inspiration for many a reader. Fortunately, even this man who holds to the belief that war has sometimes worked beneficently is one of the most tender-hearted of persons, and would no more have it in his heart to afflict humanity than he who gave his life a humiliation and a sacrifice all the way from Bethlehem to Calvary, that men might have life more abundantly, and who said that he came not to send peace upon the earth; but a sword—meaning by this, not that he desired the sword, but that he came for the purpose of doing a work which would inevit-

ably lead to this, but finally to the beating of swords into plowshares and of spears into pruning-hooks.

The Sheldon Newspaper Again.

The *Pacific* commented at considerable length last week on the *Topeka Daily Capital* the week it was under the management of Rev. C. M. Sheldon. In brief, our conclusion was that it was not such a daily paper as would commend itself to even that portion of the reading public who are dissatisfied with the daily paper as it is at present. Mr. Sheldon eliminated the sensational and objectionable. But he did not furnish the news as it should be furnished. And editorially the paper was not a success. Space that should have been devoted to good, strong editorials on present-day matters and to the news, shorn of its objectionable features, was given to selections from newspapers and magazines, not a few of which selections, in all probability, had been read by a large majority of his readers before they appeared in the columns of the *Capital*.

We are not surprised, therefore, to find the general opinion to be that there are daily papers nearer the ideal than the one Mr. Sheldon has published. However, there is much in even our best daily papers that ought not to be there—that need not be there to insure their success financially, and we shall hope for better things to come. We had hoped that Mr. Sheldon would present a paper so valuable to the reading public that imitations of it would soon spring up in different places throughout the country and large numbers of people be furnished with such daily papers as would make for the upbuilding of those things which are good and true and pure. His week's work has not helped to that unless, perchance, it should come about through the discussion of the daily press which has arisen because of his widely advertised experiment.

In all probability the Rev. Dr. MacArthur of New York will show, in a better manner, by the page he has been asked to conduct in the *Journal* of that city each Monday, what sort of a daily paper the people of this country should have. Dr. MacArthur is trying to conduct his page of the *Journal* as he thinks the public ought to have it, and it is to contain such matter and comments thereon as he believes to be proper for publication and com-

ment. We have not seen a copy of the paper, but the New York Evangelist's comment of March 15th is as follows: "The first sample of the experimental page appeared in the Journal for Monday of this week. It includes a wide variety of articles and items which give evidence that the religious editor of this section of the paper possesses the journalistic faculty in no small degree. The chief articles are entitled, Churches not Decadent, in which it is proved by statistics that the Protestant church membership is increasing much faster than population; Wide Open New York and Mayor Van Wyck's Responsibility, which reiterate the disgraceful facts as to the moral condition of the city, and call upon the Mayor to enforce the laws; Enterprising Journalism, in which the new member of the staff suggests to Mr. Hearst that he drop the sensational headlines and dress the Journal in quieter type; and others that appeal to the law makers and the public to stop prize fights, watch pseudo faith cures, and condemn newspaper "personals." The single illustration gives a creditable picture of the immersion of one of the 184 colored converts who were baptized last Sunday at the Mount Olivet church in West Fifty-third street."

The Pacific was surprised to read in the Ram's Horn for March the 24th that while the daily press had shown "a willingness to give Mr. Sheldon a fair trial and made the material success of his undertaking magnificent by the generous publicity which they rendered," the religious press, "on the contrary, for the most part either stupidly failed to appreciate it or studiously suppressed any report of it, through malice or jealousy." The facts are that there is scarcely a religious journal in the land that did not give the project publicity and have favorable comment. Now and then, however, one stated that it did not think Mr. Sheldon should presume to say that he would conduct the paper just as Christ would conduct it. The criticism of the religious, like that of the secular journals, did not in general precede his effort; it followed it. And no newspaper could be true to itself and fail to point out wherein Mr. Sheldon failed in his work. To neglect to do this would be to give up the effort for a reformation in daily journalism. Very few of the persons anxious for such a reformation would care to have it said that nothing better could be offered than

the Topeka Capital during Sheldon week. To say that would lead many people to say that they were willing, then, to put up with the stuff and slime that so many of the daily papers now pour out.

Notes.

The Congregationalist pays high compliment to the Rev. C. R. Brown's sermon on "The Culture of Strength," saying, "We wish a copy could be put in the hands of every young man in our land."

A California pastor contributed recently an article to The Work at Home, a monthly paper published at Boston in the interests of the Woman's Home Missionary Association. Although this pastor has a home missionary church he does not list himself as one enduring such hardships as many endure in some of the newer and most difficult fields. He says: "Sometimes we think there are hardships, but somehow when we come to think about naming them, they don't seem worth mentioning, after all. They are only such as are common to man." Characterizing his work he says that it is plain, prosy work along ordinary lines to ordinary folk. Continuing he says: "Sometimes I get real tired of small congregations and prosy work. Once in a long while I get a chance at a big congregation, as when one Sunday last summer in two city churches I preached to eight hundred in the morning and twelve hundred in the afternoon. It was like a tonic for me. The pastor of one of those churches tells me he was never so happy in his life as when pastor of a little country church. But he doesn't seek to regain that style of joy, and I'd trade with him any day."

The excellent report concerning Pomona College, made by the Committee on Education at the last meeting of the Southern California Association of Congregational churches, appears in the minutes recently published. Two or three statements are worthy wider circulation than they will have in the minutes. One is the following concerning the faculty: "Any one who becomes acquainted with the members of the faculty will be impressed with their ability, earnestness, loyalty to the interests of the college, and their strength of Christian character. It would be strange indeed if those who, in the susceptibility of youth, come into contact with such persons, were not ennobled in character and purpose. Here is something for Christian parents to bear in mind, and to give earnest consideration when about to select some school for their children. Concerning President Ferguson it is added in the report that the present prosperity and bright outlook are due to his ability, earnestness and wide influence. Up to last October \$145,000

had been brought to the funds of the institution under the present administration, and considerable has since been added. The committee expressed the intention of the faculty and trustees when it said that the college would be "kept abreast with the progressive standards of the leading institutions of the land." The religious influence was emphasized as follows: "The religious influence is so strong that there is more likelihood of a young person becoming a Christian in the college than the average home."

Chronicle and Comment.

It is thought that the first vessels out of Seattle for Nome this year will carry about 8,000 persons. Nearly 5,000 berths have been taken already.

Mail for Nome will be dispatched from Seattle April 3d. It should be addressed "Care of Steamer Alpha." There is a guaranty to the post office department for the delivery of this mail at Nome by May 1st.

The British Weekly says concerning Ian Maclaren's sermon of comfort for England that something like a climax of feeling was reached when, in proof that the British army never stood higher in bravery, in patience, in confidence than to-day, he instanced "the old man who went out stricken in his own heart, and at the age of seventy led the armies of England to victory," and "the laddie who would be in the front line of fire, and when one arm was disabled shifted the bugle to the other hand, and blew till he fell." "Merely to hear Ian Maclaren say the word 'laddie,'" says the Weekly, "was something not to be forgotten."

On a recent Sunday evening the Rev. L. D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa spoke concerning the policy of the daily press. The Santa Rosa Republican says that the Topeka Daily Capital, for the week beginning March 13th, and the San Francisco papers for several days were in evidence in the pulpit, and that Mr. Rathbone said in part: "I am simply astonished to discover the possibilities of a good, clean, wholesome Christian paper, whose space is devoted to the upbuilding and maintaining of moral Christian society, which advertises no frauds, no depraving resorts, prize fights or murders, which gives you the news in its unvarnished condition, and the editorials and articles of which make for the good of mankind and meet the needs of the people. As against an average in the San Francisco papers of three columns per day devoted to embellishments of horrible murders, two columns to prize fights, four columns to crimes of all sorts, eight or nine columns to the butchery of war, with never a sentence for the thought and progress of the world toward peace, much space devoted to the ridiculing those things

which are most sacred to thousands of people, and three and one-fourth columns per day to scandals, sensations, divorces and stuff unfit for the public, one column per day to low theatres and vile places, two and one-half columns to races, betting and gambling games, which we flatter ourselves our statutes prohibit." Yes, in any such comparison as this the Topeka Capital, as published by Mr. Sheldon, was far superior to the average daily paper. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it was not such a paper as could successfully compete with the average daily. Mr. Sheldon failed because he did not get out a newspaper—one having all the good, clean features that his paper did have, but containing the news and such comment thereon as would shape public sentiment in ways most conducive to the world's good.

Chicago has 4,000 lawyers, but a large number are not making their living expenses. Not more than 400 make more than that. Men whose income two years ago was at least \$5,000 a year now make about \$2,000. An influx from country districts, the legal departments of the trust companies, and a few other things, have brought this condition. Not only in Chicago, but all over the country there are too many lawyers. The Hon. L. B. Gunckel, an Ohio ex-Congressman and a leading lawyer in Dayton, is reported by the Religious Telescope as saying recently: "Thirty years ago Dayton had one lawyer for each 655 of its population; twenty years ago, one lawyer for each 455 population; ten years ago, one lawyer for each 500 population; and in this year of our Lord, 1900, assuming that Dayton has 75,000 population, we have one lawyer for each 388 population. No other American city has so many, and no European, Asiatic, or African city half so many lawyers in proportion to the population. And at this time, when, for reasons I cannot now stop to detail, law business has decreased, and is likely to continue to decrease. I am pained to say the supply is in excess of a healthy demand. In plainer words, there are too many lawyers; too many in Dayton; too many everywhere. They cannot all live at the law; some must go down and out; only the fittest can survive." Mr. Gunckel then proceeded to show what constitutes fitness for the bar and what leads to professional success. He showed by his investigations of the professional lives of several great lawyers that they relied for success "not upon a glib tongue, or some supposed talent; not upon sharp methods or dubious conduct; not upon political advancement or other adventitious circumstance; but upon character, study, work, high character, close study, hard work. They became great by thorough education, profound knowledge of the law, undivided application, untiring in-

dustry, strict integrity, high sense of honor, entire truthfulness, religious fidelity to client, steady habits, and pure life." Finding that such equipment made the fittest lawyer forty and sixty years ago, he argued that such equipment will make the fittest to-day and for the future. Young men looking toward the legal profession should bear these things in mind. There is room at the top, as there was in Webster's day, but it takes harder work and longer time as a general thing to get there, and no one will ever get there who turns aside from the path Mr. Gunckel has marked out.

Pacific Coast Congress.

Replies received in response to the preliminary announcement sent out have made it certain that a sufficient number of speakers will be present from the different sections included to give the proposed Assembly a true Pacific Coast character. The program has been considerably revised. Speakers have been selected to open the respective topics, and these have been notified of their appointment. As soon as received their names will be published.

The proposed gathering is to be of the nature of a mass meeting rather than of a council. It will be more a popular rally than a parliament, a forecasting of things rather than an attempt to settle them.

The term Pacific Coast is taken in its wider sense, as indicating the greater Pacific Coast—California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico.

Proposed representation: Two delegates-at-large from each local association, with one additional for every additional ten or fraction of ten churches in an association; also two delegates from every church outside of Northern California. So far as possible, any visitors from outside of Northern California, properly accredited as members of Congregational churches, will be furnished entertainment.

The meetings of the first three days will be held in the First church, San Francisco; those of Sunday in all our churches of both cities; those of the last two days in Oakland.

Reduced rates (one fare and a third) may be expected on all railroads.

By reason that the date first fixed for the meetings of the Congress came in conflict with that of the California State C. E. Convention, a change has been made to May 24-29.

REVISED PROGRAM.

First Church, San Francisco.

Thursday.

9:30 a. m.—Opening and Organization.

10:30 a. m.—Pacific Coast Problems—North, South, Interior, Central.

2:00 p. m.—Business.

2:30 p. m.—(1) Pacific Slope Home Missionary Field.

(2) Future Relation of West and East.

(a) As viewed from the West.

(b) As viewed from the East.

(3) Church Expansion and Elimination.

(4) Evangelization of foreign races resident here: Chinese, Japanese, Italians, etc.

7:45 p. m.—Opening.

8:00 p. m.—The Pacific Coast churches and the Orient. Two addresses.

Friday.

9 to 12 a. m.—9:00, The Bible We Use; 10:30, The Christ We Preach. Discussion.

2:00 p. m.—Social Side of the Kingdom—Home Life, Social Life, Sabbath, Saloon. Discussion.

7:45 p. m.—Relation of the Church to Social Movements of the Day.

Saturday.

9:10 a. m.—Forms of Church Life for the Coming Century:

(a) Moral Leadership of the Church.

(b) Its Benevolent Activities.

(c) Special Work for Men.

Recreation.

Sunday.

11:00 a. m.—Congress Sermons in First churches, San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley.

7:45 p. m.—Congress Addresses in all Congregational churches, San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. Subject, "The Gospel of the Kingdom." Two speakers at each church to be selected.

First Church, Oakland.

Monday.

9:00 a. m.—Relation of the Church to the Young:

(1) The Sunday-school.

(a) Improved Lesson System.

(b) Improved Classification.

(c) Improved Teaching.

(2) Young People's Organizations.

(3) Nurture Classes.

2:00 p. m.—Education:

(a) Early Struggles For.

(b) Pacific Coast Higher Education.

(c) Possible Common Ties. (The Theological Seminary, The Pacific.)

7:45 p. m.—The Moral Values of the University. The Religious Element in Education.

Tuesday.

9 a. m.—1. The Work of the Church in Winning Souls to Christ.

2. Present and Future Methods of Evangelism.

3. Sources of Power.

2:00 p. m.—Cultivation of Fellowship.

(a) Among Ourselves.

(b) With Other Christians.

(c) Interdenominational.

Adjournment in time for all trains north, south and east.

A Disjointed Confession.

By A. P. Reacher.

V. The Brotherly Relation.

Dr. John Watson and others in these days see the human relationship of father and son in the home in Nazareth in the ideal of God which is presented to us in the words of Jesus. It is said that the glory of the idea of God as a heavenly Father is a tribute to the beauty of a life which Jesus had known and felt throughout his childhood. For myself I am disposed to question the implication that the earthly relation suggested the heavenly, although I am content to believe that the life of Joseph was good and richly beautiful. But where did Jesus get his idea of the race as a brotherhood? Was that a suggestion from the treatment of his brothers in the home in Nazareth, and does that hark back to an ideal childhood? It certainly must be supposed that the idea which Jesus presented was greater than the figure which set it forth and human brotherhood is only a shadow of the heavenly brotherhood. Thank God it is a shadow.

Just when my brother came into my world as a conscious factor I do not remember. So far as I know he has always been an element to be reckoned with, an influence which, more or less, has been affecting me all my days. He was older than I; I found him here when I came to this mundane sphere trailing my clouds of glory, which soon vanished like the morning dew. He had the start of me and I learned that he was entrenched, and while my young heart yearned to reach him, it was ordered by nature that I was not to come up to him. In vain did I succeed in getting suspenders to my pants close upon his heels; he had donned pants some time before, but suspenders! that was a stride, and yet he stretched away beyond me and grasped the honors of the public school. We started fair: he was four times as old as I; in four years he was only twice as old as I, and there seemed some hope; when I was eight he was only half again as old as I; but now, though the years have multiplied, I do not catch up with him—not quite.

Now this may seem foolish to some who have never been a younger brother. And yet there is more truth than fiction in it. A younger brother has my sympathy and an older brother has my respect. It has always been so. In olden times the eldest brother in the family was entitled to twice the common share of the family estate. Why should he have it? Well, he was older. Did that make him any better? Not necessarily, but it ought to ennoble him. And so in time the eldest became the earl, the nobleman, to whom fell the estate, while the younger brothers must seek the good of life in the service of either the minis-

try or the army. I can testify to the inbred sense of the fitness of this arrangement. My parents were both democratic and Puritanic. They had a wholesome abhorrence for all titled grandees. But the principle worked while they repudiated it, as many another is working to-day in the midst of all this defiance and criticism. When I was big enough to bring in the wood and drive the cows and saw wood with a bucksaw—I think I could call upon all that is within me, both physical and mental, to testify to the brutality of a bucksaw—my brother was in school and had much to do to prepare him for the struggle of life. It was mind versus matter; he developed the mental and I disciplined the material. When it fell my lot to go to school he was adorning the education of a higher and more difficult grade, and I must still wrestle with the woodpile, as his studies were so much more exacting than mine. When I reached the grade that he had adorned I found that it was all I could do to hold on to it, while he was away into the mysteries of the high school and was more engrossed than ever, and I must still do the chores, which seemed never to grow less, but greater. I freely grant that it seemed more unfair and one-sided than it really was, but when I discovered the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and learned that one's first duty was to select his ancestors if he wants to be great I ceased complaining, I cried no more at night, and determined that if I had another chance I would elect to be the oldest brother.

It is not very remarkable that men should have insisted that equality should be linked with fraternity, and yet there is something in the deeper life of a true brother that compensates for all the seeming inequality. In the early days of the world the oldest brother was the priest of the family, and it means much for any family of children that the oldest son is seeking the higher good of those who are looking up to him. My brother early became a Christian and joined the church. It had not occurred to me that that would vitally change a boy like him, but one day there was a struggle in the kitchen and he, being the stronger because he was the older, had the advantage. Now all of that incident has gone into oblivion; I do not remember the cause or the character of it, except that my brother was in the wrong; he knew it and I knew it, and the battle in which he was victorious had not settled the right of it—he was still in the wrong. A few moments later he came up behind me, put his arm about my neck, kissed me and acknowledged the wrong, and then Christianity and its power over men loomed large in my childish horizon, and the reality of its grace to overcome has never ceased to be a fact in my thinking. And so my brother became a priest in very deed; he made no

proclamation as a prophet, his preaching is gone out of my memory, but his act as mediator, which really became an act to mediate between me and God, had the significance of the ancient altar, and an incense of a sweet smell arises from that corner of my mind where it is stored away.

And so the older brother pays for all his natural privileges in an increased responsibility, while the younger brother pays in loss of privilege for the benefit of an older brother's example and protection. Out of my own experience I can say that an older brother's authority is the essence of effrontery; nothing so arouses the obstinacy of a child like that assumption of superiority, either of knowledge or strength, but the example of an older brother is something to take one's oath by, and the shadow of his strength is a comforting hiding-place. If an older brother should read this let him give good heed, for with him rests the eternal peace of the younger children of his household, more certainly and fully than he may yet have dreamed. And to those who are of the household of faith, brothers in Christ Jesus, let us bear one another's burdens and bring the ideal of fraternity out of the commercial baggage room of our churches and set it up in living characters in every pew and pulpit, in every home and place of work, in this land and all the lands of the earth.

"Forgot the World and Fell Asleep."

This little inscription above a green mound attracted my attention one day while loitering through a beautiful cemetery, and though, at the time, it made no particular impression, yet often since those words have come back to me with a hidden meaning in them that is half pathetic.

Somehow, they remind me of a tired child that has grown weary with its day of play—a day so full of eager pleasures and of childish hurts and troubles. Full, too, of its own misdoings and headstrong ways that only too often have carried the truant feet into forbidden paths far from its mother's watchful care. Yet, when the quiet night comes on, it creeps within those faithful arms, pitied and forgiven, and with a drowsy "Now I lay me down to sleep" half unfinished upon its lips, forgets its little world of joy and sorrow.

We are only grown-up children, after all—wayward, thoughtless, rebellious children many times, grieving our Father's loving heart with our wilfulness; and how often a reproachful look from him or a warning touch of his outstretched hand melts our stubborn hearts and brings us back to him with tears of repentance.

What a sad but precious thought it is that, though we have wandered far away from him—yes, even though many careless, wasted years may have drifted in between—yet when

we come to him in full surrender, with our broken hearts, and oh, the saddest of all, our broken lives, he never turns us coldly away, but stretches forth his strong arm and draws us close within his sheltering care. Is it at all strange that the time is coming when the whole world shall learn to love and obey such a Father, and shall find no pleasure in impurity and sin? On the contrary, is it not more strange that there should *ever* be any Prodigal Sons who are willing to forfeit their rightful heritage and lower themselves to the swine and the husks—to wretchedness and want—in a dreary country far from their Father's house? (Poor, blind, foolish children! Not even all the pitying love and forgiveness of the Father can shield them from the *physical* penalty of their sin.)

How little, oh, how little, do we, with our limited measurements and vision, understand the wonderful depths of his tenderness and patience in dealing with us! If we only knew we would not grieve his holy spirit so often, or cry out as we sometimes do, in the blindness and bitterness of our hearts, that God has forsaken us. God *never* deserts his children, yet how many times we desert him, in choosing our own way and our own paths, that so often lead us astray "o'er moor and fen," until "the night is dark and we are for from home."

Over and over again we learn our pitiful lessons, until some day this life, with all its hopes and pleasures that we enjoy so keenly now—and all its cruel hurts and heartache—will fade away. And reaching our weak hands out to those dear, strong ones that never fail, we, too, like tired children, shall forget the world and fall asleep within the Everlasting Arms.

Oakland, Cal.

Cora Jewell Parish.

Serving God.

By Emma Seevers Jones.

"Serve God or die," said Charlemagne to the conquered Saxons, and great numbers were baptized. But their baptism counted for naught because their hearts were not in it. In the same spirit Cortez destroyed Mexican gods and temples and compelled the Mexicans to accept the religion of Christ. But what did it profit? Mexico stands in need of missionaries to-day.

Service means nothing unless prompted by love. The hireling serves his master because he is an hireling, and not because he desires to be of service. The employe serves his employer, not from love, but desire for profit. The politician serves his party, not from principle, but in order to hold his office. The heathen serves his god of wood or stone to ward off some calamity. Even some Christians serve their God through fear of losing heaven. How should Christian Endeavorers serve their God? "Not with eye service as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God."

The truest service is heart service, without which outward works are vain. We need to serve God week days as well as Sundays. We cannot put on service with out Sunday garments, which are removed at the close of the day, to be ready to don the garb of Satan on Monday. We must give God heart service seven days in the week.

"Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out" is not pronounced on the one who tries to serve God and mammon.

"Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth" is some people's motto when they try to keep one hand in God's service and the other employed for Satan, but that is not what the Scripture means. It means serve God with both hands, and with the whole heart, that blessing and not cursing shall follow.

Recollections of Palestine.

By E. S. Smith.

The country north from Jerusalem through Samaria to Nazareth and Galilee is replete with reminiscences of Bible history, and is rendered sacred by the frequent tread of Jesus of Nazareth. With a party of forty or fifty tourists, mostly clergymen, and mounted on horses such as the country affords, we started out with dragoman, ten muleteers, and pack train, carrying stove, bedding, luggage and provisions on the backs of twenty-six donkeys. A weird-looking crowd we were as we passed out through the Damascus gate, not like Saul of Tarsus, "breathing threatening and slaughter," but a jolly, cheerful crowd, with pleasant and reverent anticipations of viewing the sacred places of Bible story. From Mt. Scopus we looked back upon the sacred city, after passing the tombs of the kings and the prophets, and looked forward to Mizpeh, a few miles distant to our left. To the west is Nob, where David seized the sword of Goliath, and to the east a little farther is Gibeah, where Joshua met the combined hosts of the Amorites, and said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon." We passed through Ramah, where Samuel judged Israel; and to the left about three miles was Mizpeh, also a residence of Samuel when he judged Israel. About three miles farther on we came to El-Bireh, the traditional place where Joseph and Mary missed the child Jesus and turned back to Jerusalem seeking him. Bethel is located on high ground; here Abraham built an altar and renewed his covenant with God; here also Abraham and Lot viewed the country and chose their portion; here also Jacob laid down to rest and dreamed of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven; here also Jereboam erected the golden calves and the Israelites bowed down to them in worship. About five miles farther on we come to Shi'oh, where

the Tabernacle was set up soon after the entrance into Canaan, and for many years was the sacred place of communion with God.

An amusing incident occurred here. The tourists had selected a spot at the foot of a high rock to sit down and eat their lunch. Bright, sparkling water came trickling down the face of the rock; while they were eating a noise was heard on the rock above, and one of the party went around to investigate. He found a bevy of barefooted Arab girls standing in the water and dipping it up from their feet with gourds to fill their jars, and were drinking the drippings below, in blissful ignorance of the presence of the fairies above who were befouling the water.

We passed on to Jacob's well. Probably no place in Palestine is better identified than this. The well, originally about 200 feet deep, cut most of the way in solid rock, has been filled with stones and rubbish until it is now less than 100 feet deep, and contains but little water. On this place Jesus sat and conversed with the woman of Samaria, and said, "Who soever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

A mile away is Sychar, and near by is the tomb of Joseph. A field of wheat was growing about there, and no doubt presented much the same appearance as when Jesus said, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." Mts. Gerizim and Ebal are near by, and Nablous, the ancient Shechem a short distance to the right. It is a hot-bed of Moslem fanaticism. We spent the night there, but being a large party and well guarded we were not molested. Mt. Gerizim is about four hundred feet in height, Mt. Ebal a little less. The Samaritans thought that the proper place to worship, rather than at Jerusalem. A few miles north is the site of the ancient city of Samaria. The ruins give evidence of great grandeur and magnificence. Omri and his son Ahab, the wicked and idolatrous kings of Israel, squandered the wealth of the country there to make it the most attractive city in the world. Ahab's palace was built of ivory. Immense columns of marble are lying prostrate about there now. A little north of there is Dothan, where David's sons were feeding their flocks when the caravan going to Egypt passed along, and Joseph was sold by his brethren. Here also Elijah's servant saw the "mountains full of chariots and horsemen." Jezreel is a few miles farther on, but little remains to mark the spot.

We are now in the valley of Esdraelon. It has been the battlefield of the ages. Mt. Carmel is on the left, a few miles ahead. Villages are scattered along. Endor reminds of the witch of Endor whom Saul consulted. The brook Kishon meanders along through the valley. On the side of Mt. Carmel facing the valley is the plateau about half way up the

mountain, where Elijah met the prophets of Baal and the fire came down from heaven and consumed his offering and altar, and at the foot of the mountain the prophets of Baal were slain. About five miles beyond, Nazareth lies ensconced among the hills, in the midst of a rocky amphitheater. The houses are built mostly of stone and mud, one story high, and flat roofed. The streets are narrow and very filthy. But when we remember that Jesus lived here thirty years, and must have been familiar with everything that we now see, it fills us with reverence and awe. The fountain (the only place to obtain water in the city) was a place of curiosity and veneration. Here, no doubt, Jesus and his mother often visited. We saw crowds of damsels there waiting their turn for water, each with a water jar poised upon her head. A very, very old Jewish synagogue remains in the city, and is thought by some to be the one in which Jesus preached. The Hill of Precipitation just back of the city was a place of interest. Four miles beyond we came to Cana of Galilee. A more degraded and uninviting place could hardly be imagined. We were shown the traditional water jars in which the water was changed to wine at the wedding. A rough ride was before us through the land of Zebulun over the barren hills. As we approached the lake of Galilee we attained an altitude of perhaps 2,000 feet, and were soon on the ground made sacred by the utterance of our Savior of the "Beatitudes." Oh, how beautiful the place by nature, as it overlooks the lake of Galilee, but doubly beautiful and sacred as the place where Jesus preached the most wonderful discourse ever given to humanity.

A half mile to the right is an eminence lying directly back of the city of Tiberias. It is 1,000 or 1,200 feet high and near its summit is a plateau on which, by tradition, the miracle of feeding the 4,000 took place. A winding pathway down the mountain led us to the gate of the city. It is inclosed by walls built by the Romans many centuries ago. The streets are very narrow and filthy in the extreme. A mile or two south are the hot springs, bursting out at the foot of the mountain. Half way up the mountain side are the ruins of Herod's Palace. Columns and blocks of hewn stone lay prostrate on the ground, where they were thrown by the earthquake.

After spending the night in the city, we took boats and were rowed out upon the sea of Galilee. The boats were provided with mast and sails, but there being no wind, were not used. Doubtless the ships spoken of in the Bible were about the same as these boats. We visited the ruins of Magdala. But little remains to mark the spot of Mary Magdalene's home. Farther on lies the site of Bethsaida. Some ruins indicate a small city. Back from the

shore about a mile are the ruins of Capernaum. Evidently a large city was located here. It is sacred ground. Jesus here made his home, and most of his disciples lived here, or near here. Here many of his wonderful miracles were wrought. Chorazin, on the shore just beyond Betnsaida, is marked by a few ruins. Crossing the Jordan where it enters the lake we proceeded down the east bank. No ruins are visible, but the place of particular interest is where the 5,000 were fed most miraculously by Jesus. It is nearly opposite Tiberias, and the conformation of the ground affords ample room for the multitude to have sat upon the ground. On the mountain just back of it Jesus retired to pray, while his disciples toiled in the boat to reach the opposite shore at Capernaum. We visited other places of reputed interest, but they are not so well identified. We returned to Nazareth, passing Mount Tabor on our way, and, crossing the brook Kishon at the foot of Mt. Carmel, proceeded to Haifa, where we met our steamer waiting to convey us onward past Tyre and Sidon to Beirut and Mt. Lebanon.

A Lesson in Charity.

By F. B. Perkins.

I learned it in a prune orchard, where two or three hundred young trees are just coming into bearing. Some of them are thrifty and covered with blossoms; others are small and scantily decked; while others still show a bare half-dozen of buds. Yet all were, at the time of planting, equally vigorous; all have received equal care; and for them all the conditions might seem equally favorable.

Not so. There are differences of soils and differences, too, of locality. Along this line the ground is warm and friable—everything favorable to growth; down there it is cold and wet, and the struggle for existence has been correspondingly severe. When we take these facts into consideration, we cannot withhold a certain administration for the little trees which have battled so bravely, and maintained themselves so honorably. Every inch of their growth and every one of their blossoms represents an outlay of vital force which, under favoring conditions, would have made them the peers of the strongest and most beautiful. All honor, then, to the backward growth and the scanty blossoming.

As with trees so with men. They differ much in personal attractiveness and recognized virtues. But these differences will be found to root themselves far more generally than is usually appreciated, in differences of external condition. I have in mind two persons, both Christian men, very unlike in consistency or degree of attractiveness; but one of these was planted and grew up in a cultivated Christian home; the other has been

forced to fight for every virtue against godlessness in the home, poverty and harshness of treatment in the world. You can't apportion the merits of those two men without taking these facts into account. A wise teacher will thus value more highly the slight improvement of some heavily handicapped pupil than the much more rapid progress and brilliant scholarship of one whose native endowments are supplemented by an environment wholly favorable. I listened once to a fellow-Christian while he told of eleven long years of treadmill toil, brightened by only two half-holidays at Sunday-school picnics. This sunless experience had left this impress upon his character. He felt it, I could not be blind to it. But after that I know I judged him more leniently; I believe I judged him more fairly. We become impatient at the nervous unreasonableness which this or that acquaintance shows; but for some sick person to be even decently amiable requires more heroism than would carry their robust and active critics to the third heaven of popular favor. The pious phrases of Pres. Kruger and his heroic compatriots are likely to be heavily discounted and their sincerity discredited by those whose view is not large enough to take in the hardening and contracting influences against which the life of a South African Boer has been compelled to force its way.

And so out of my little orchard I have come with a new sense of the limitations under which the path of human virtue is trodden, and, as I would hope, with more of the grace of Christian charity within my heart.

Why Organize a Brotherhood?

Edwin W. Rice, D.D., Editor American Sunday Union.

Why organize a Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip? Many answers have already been given in *The Star*; enough, perhaps, to make quite a volume. I propose to re-state a few reasons only from two points of view:

1. The great need of men for the church.
2. The admirable fitness of the Brotherhood to meet this need.

These are strong reasons for organizing a Brotherhood.

The smallest portion of those who are Christians to-day are men. Full two-thirds of the members of Christian churches now are women. Scarcely one-fourth of the *active* members are men.

1. The Church of Jesus Christ can better get on without the men than the men can get on without the church. The men, therefore, need the church far more than the church needs the men. In fact, religion is the one great need of the men of to-day. Only by becoming active and thoroughly consecrated Christians can men become truly manly. Failing in this, they fail to develop themselves into the highest manhood.

If then there is a crying need in the church for consecrated men (as many tell us), there is certainly a far greater need for vital religion in the men of this generation. The men of to-day need, oh, how sadly they need, the transforming and uplifting power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

So the call for a mission of men to men is a mighty Macedonian cry. Moreover, the few active consecrated men in every Christian community need to be banded together into one common and united effort to extend the kingdom of God among men.

The recent splendid achievements of women along every form of religious work have been largely due to efficient organization. The Christian women of the United States are widely and well banded together for a great variety of Christian objects, and in a great variety of ways. They have their Women's Boards, and Bands of Missions, their Temperance Unions, their Dorcas and Sewing Societies, their King's Daughters, their "Farther Lights," and Helping Hand Circles, and a multitude of similar beneficent and Christian associations for advancing Christ's kingdom. By these systematic organizations, women have become a mighty power in promoting reforms, and in the evangelization of the human race.

Now, Christian men need to have similar organizations for reaching men. For man is a religious being. He does not stay out of the church, nor does he hesitate to come into the church, because it is a religious organization. It is usually because he thinks that the practical religion of the church does not fit his needs.

The hard-headed practical man of to-day wants a religion that has the courage of its convictions. If his brother-man professes to be a Christian, and a believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ, he wants him to live up to the Sermon on the Mount. He wants to see evidence in his business, and in his social relations, that the man is unselfish and brotherly. If, on the contrary, he sees that the professing Christian man is keen for a bargain, sharp in a trade, looking out for himself ten times and never for his neighbor once, he naturally concludes that such religion is not very brotherly nor helpful, nor is it worth much.

A Philadelphia pastor said the other day, that the churches did not reach the mass of men because worldly men take very little stock in our religion. When they see a class of men in the church that are not afraid to live up to the full requirements of the gospel, in brotherly helpfulness and kindness, they believe in that class of men, and they will believe in the church to which that kind of professing Christians go. It is the masculine Christianity of the right sort which attracts them.

2. This leads me to the second point: that the

Brotherhood fits the needs of the church and of the men of to-day, in this respect. The Brotherhood asks men to pray daily for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. That means that the kingdom must first come in their own hearts, must first transform their own lives, must fill them with brotherly kindness and with that Christian love which will make them seek to bless other men.

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip is fitted successfully to reach the various classes of men now outside the churches and neglecting personal religion. There is for example:

(1) The man trying to live an honest, clean life as the world goes, who sees no need for Christ and the church. The Brotherhood is just suited to show him "the better way," the way to a positive, earnest Christlike life, for God and the good of men.

(2) Another class of men is careless in both morals and religion. They do not mean to be vicious, nor thoroughly mean, foul, nor utterly depraved. But they are on the downward road, and unconsciously going down at a fearful rate. The Brotherhood takes such men kindly by the hand, and offers to help them to go on the upward and better road. It puts sympathy, heart, and persuasive love in the helping hand, illustrates practically what the gospel and the teaching of Jesus Christ mean, and wins such men, in a manly way. It arouses their moral self-respect. It is hand to hand, heart to heart, brother for brother-man, work.

(3) Then, there are men loosely attached to the church, who have never "enjoyed religion," for they never had any perceptible "amount to enjoy." They attached themselves to the church for what they hoped to get out of it. And they don't get much.

He gets most out of religion and the gospel who puts most of himself, his life, his heart, his service, into it.

The Brotherhood takes this misguided man by the hand, and shows him by its blessed rule of service, how he can get most for himself, by giving the most for Christ and his fellow-men.

For these and many like reasons, I would say organize a Brotherhood in every church. It will help to make a manly church. And in every manly church with a vigorous, masculine Christianity, there will be the love, the gentleness, the tenderness of a woman, for there will be the love and the gentleness of Jesus Christ.

Present Condition of the Indian Famine.

By Rev. J. E. Abbott

It is difficult for one who has had many years of experience in India to draw a line satisfactorily even to himself between a description that exaggerates the horrors of the famine on the one hand and understates them on the oth-

er. Government reports have to be taken as the best available basis for statistics, yet there is a very decided personal equation that must be taken into account; it has to be borne in mind that these reports rest ultimately on the reports of subordinate native officials, who exaggerate or minimize as it may affect personal interests. They are likely to understate the deaths that are caused by starvation, as the duty ascribed to them is the preservation of life. On the other hand, they may exaggerate accounts of the general suffering and the happy results of their own efforts in meeting it. Statements in the Indian press, or letters of individuals describing scenes as eye-witnesses, need also the application of the law of personal equation. These accounts are local. True there, but not necessarily so a hundred miles away. The Indian vernacular press is not enterprising as to news, and on other grounds its personal equation needs careful attention. It is difficult, therefore, to steer clear of exaggeration of the facts, on the one hand, and a minimizing of the sad truth on the other. So far as I can apply the tests that my experience in India supplies, the facts of the present condition of the famine are as follows:

The area in which famine conditions exist is the western part of India, covering about 400,000 square miles, and is inhabited by about 50,000,000 people. This area contracts or expands as local thunder-storms relieve, or continued drought widens the distress. Thunder-storms are, in the winter months, a feature of the northwest provinces and a part of Central India. Western India remains absolutely rainless until the middle of June, when the southwest monsoon brings the refreshing rain.

Of this 50,000,000 people four and a half millions are now, in the month of March, on the relief works, and that number is still increasing by the rate of about 100,000 a week. These relief works are in the form of camps, where from a few hundred to 10,000 are given work, paid in cash, and those too weak to work are fed in relief kitchens. Those 4,500,000 on the relief works may be assumed to be those who would actually die of starvation were it not for the help rendered them by the Government.

Of the condition of the 45,000,000 not on the relief works there are no statistics, and it has to be inferred from general information and knowledge of the usual condition of the people. There are a certain number of millions to whom the famine is only "hard times," a larger number who are pinched, and perhaps 20,000,000 who are keeping themselves alive with difficulty by selling and pawning all they have and on reduced food somehow holding on to life. This number is arrived at by the fact that the Government of India

has recently, by special order, reduced the daily wages on the relief works from four cents a day to two cents, in order to prevent one-half the population of the famine area flocking to their care in overwhelming numbers; and from the fact that in some districts twenty-five per cent and in one district forty per cent are actually receiving relief.

It is then in this 20,000,000 that the greatest distress is to be found. It is from them that the 100,000 a week, having been reduced to the lowest possible destitution, and weakened in body, leave their homes for perhaps many miles of weary walking, without food, and little prospect of water, and submit to the hard toil of the relief camp. Some die on the way, some arrive at the camp only to die—really of starvation, though perhaps nominally, in the report of the officials, of some disease to which they easily fall a prey. The Government of India has promised that none shall die of starvation if they can help it, and so those too weak to work are gratuitously fed in the kitchens until pronounced fit to work, and then are transferred to the labor camp. Many of this 20,000,000 may put off going to a relief camp until too late and die in their villages. There are those, like the aged and infirm and children, who cannot go, and they die when their turn comes. All these facts are affirmed by trustworthy eyewitnesses, but what the number of deaths may be, how many thousands, or how many hundred thousands, there are no statistics available, nor will be. But it is safe to look on that 20,000,000 at least as the great sea of trouble, of destitution, of emaciation and death. Those who see it as eye-witnesses feel its horror.

It is amongst this suffering 20,000,000 that private benevolence has its wide field. The Government looks after the 4,500,000 on the relief works, who would die but for this help, and the Government, from the very nature of the case, can do but little more. Funds from England or America especially reach this 20,000,000 and help to mitigate their suffering, and lessen the number of deaths. But the best that can be done for them is but little, and for three months more at least they must wait for the rain to come with a partial relief, and then struggle on until the October harvest, leaving behind a mortality, directly and indirectly due to starvation, that will be appalling.

No statistics are yet available of the number of orphaned and deserted children. It is safe to assume, however, from the experiences of 1807, that there will be many thousands that will have to be cared for when the famine is over. Ten thousand were cared for in mission schools after the famine of 1807. As many, if not more, are likely to be cast on public charity when this present terrible famine is over. The Government is taking pains

to keep a register of deserted children, that they may be placed in institutions where they will be honestly brought up, but as the Hindoos have no such institutions the children must needs be cared for and trained in missionary schools. While charity is planning for the temporary needs of the starving people, it is not too soon to plan for scholarships which may enable the children orphaned by the famine to be trained for a higher type of manhood and womanhood than would have been theirs in their old degraded condition. This is an opportunity for the consecration of wealth for the highest good of India.

700 Park avenue, New York, March 20th.

Delegates from Abroad.

The delegates from abroad to the coming Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, to be held in New York in April, will form a group of men who have been very active in mission work. Each denomination is sending over its ablest representatives, both lay and ministerial.

The Congregationalists will be represented by the Rev. W. E. Cousins, long identified with the work of the London Missionary Society in Madagascar, and especially with the work of Bible translation; the Rev. Richard Lovett, M.A., Secretary of the Religious Tract Society; the Rev. George Owen, of China, an earnest advocate of Romanized Chinese; and the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, Secretary of the London Missionary Society, a man widely known and honored. Mr. Thompson is chairman of the British Committee on the Conference. It was hoped that Dr. Griffith John, of China, would come, but after opposing higher education for many years, he is devoting his time to the organization of a theological school.

Among Baptists, one of the foremost will be the Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, one time President of the Baptist Missionary Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Williams has always been an advocate of liberality and an open Communion, and now at the age of seventy-three he is one of the most prominent figures in the Free churches of England. Other Baptists will be the Rev. and Mrs. George Kerry, both of whom have labored for many years in Calcutta, India.

One of the most notable figures among the Methodists will be the Rev. James C. Brewitt, President of the United Methodist Free Churches of England, in which office he is practically the leader of his denomination. Mr. Brewitt will be accompanied by his colleague, the Rev. Henry T. Chapman, the General Secretary of the United Methodist Free Churches of England. Mr. Chapman's duties require him to keep in close touch with the mission centers all over the world. The

Wesleyan Methodist Church of England will be represented by the Rev. John Price, who has labored so long and successfully in the West Indies.

Among the Presbyterians from England will be the Rev. William Dale, who, back in the seventies, had charge of the Presbyterian congregation in Singapore. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland will be represented by the Rev. George Robson, D.D. He is editor of the large monthly periodical, the *Missionary Record*, but is best known as the author of "The Story of Our Jamaica Mission," which has had such a large sale. The most distinguished representative of the Free Church of Scotland will be the Rev. Professor Thomas Smith, D.D., of Edinburgh, the only surviving colleague of Dr. Duff. Though now past his eightieth year, he is still a commanding figure. Another worker in Calcutta for the Free Church of Scotland is the Rev. Kenneth S. Macdonald, D.D., now in his thirty-ninth year of service, and senior missionary of all denominations in his field. From the Presbyterian Church in Ireland will come David G. Barkley, LL.D., who served the English Government for many years in both administrative and judicial capacities in the Punjab.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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[A paper read by Mrs. M. E. Brewer at the Quarterly Meeting of the W. B. M. P., during the service held in memory of Mrs. Logan of Ruk, Micronesia.]

I count it a high honor that I am privileged to bring some tribute to the memory of the noble woman whom I so dearly loved.

From my first acquaintance with Mrs. Logan twenty-three years ago, I have thought her the bravest, most self-sacrificing woman I ever knew. She told me in 1877 that when they went to their far-away, isolated field in 1874, she and her husband said that they would not be separated; that if one must come away they both would come; but when, late in 1876, it was necessary for her to seek medical assistance, the needs of the work were so pressing that Mr. Logan felt that he could not be spared. So she bravely came alone, leaving the five-year-old Arthur with Mr. Logan. And it was not coming to her own family or friends, but among strangers. She told me in later years, contrasting the leave-taking as she sailed away, after we had known and

loved her, that when they first left native land for their unknown, untried field, no loving hands clasped theirs in parting; no cheery voice bade them Godspeed. Their few days in San Francisco were spent at a down-town hotel, and they made no acquaintances among the Christian people of our city.

Arriving in San Francisco, she consulted several physicians, determining that if there was hope of her being well enough to go back by return trip of the *Morning Star*, she would remain here, and not go East to see her father and mother, brothers and sisters. She did receive great benefit from the skillful care of Dr. Charlotte Brown, and after three months sailed again for Micronesia, taking with her the sixteen-days-old adopted Beulah, who has been a joy and comfort to her mother all her life; and when she was twenty went to join her in her mission work at Ruk, where her presence was of inexpressible comfort. Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Kellogg and Mrs. Fisher remember that departure. It was the same spirit of self-sacrifice in which she came alone the first time which led her to make the journey alone last year. On that lonely voyage she writes: "I was so glad and thankful to give my daughter to the work at Ruk, even though my heart cried out for her, and I longed intensely to have her with me in the months to come. But I do feel, with all my heart, that it is blessed to have so precious a gift to make to my Savior."

In 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Logan left their home on the beautiful, fertile and healthful island of Ponape, to live for a year on one of the low coral islands of the Mortlock group; the object was to complete the translation of the New Testament into the Mortlock language. It had been begun on Ponape, but Mr. Logan felt that it could be better done by living among the Mortlock people.

Their journals for that year were of the most pathetic interest—the failure of Mr. Logan's health, owing to their location and the manner in which they were obliged to live, till he was confined to his bed; and she thus alone with him and the two children. The *Morning Star* was two months late in reaching them that year, and food gave out, as well as medicine. There was nothing left which he could eat, except a little Graham flour, of which she made bread; and the last loaf of that was baked when the *Star* came! Think of the agony she endured in seeing her loved husband fade and sink, without any human help to call upon. The natives one day offered to go some twenty miles, to a trading station, to get something for Mr. Logan to eat, and told her they would pay for it, but she had to tell them there was nothing there he *could* eat. The translation was finished in that year, and is still used by several groups of the islands.

A few months later the surgeon of a visit-

ing man-of-war said Mr. Logan must leave Ponape, whither they had gone from the Mortlocks, hoping to regain his health. And in a little vessel, in a rude, thatched house on deck, only four feet high at the central ridge, they made a voyage of seventy-six days to New Zealand; again, a little flour and butter, which her sister had sent in sealed tins, was the only food he could take, and that was gone when they reached land. After a rest in New Zealand and in Honolulu, they arrived here in April, 1882. In 1884 they went back, Mr. Logan still looking very frail; this time to the new mission Ruk, where they were alone the first year—no other white people there and their lives in danger many times from the savage natives. Yet their journals, which I have been reading over of late, are cheerful and hopeful, and tell of a great work accomplished; which was still going on in 1887, when Mr. Logan was stricken with fever, and went home December 27th. Mrs. Logan wrote of the long weeks of his illness: "From the first a terrible fear was tugging at my heart. Try to think what it would be, you who have eagerly watched the face of a physician as he sat by the bed of a loved one, what it would be if you had no physician, no adviser, no helper; if you had no cooling drinks for the stricken one; no one but God knows the agony of those weeks! The pain, the suffering for him, the anxiety, the dread, the despair for me." Mr. Logan was cheerful to the last. His chief solicitude was how to provide for the great work after his death, which he felt to be approaching. He said to his wife, "When you go home you must tell those young men and women how much they are needed here." "How can I tell them," she replied, "to come here and bear what we have borne, and to pass through what I am passing now?" "It is the Lord's work," the dying man answered; "it is worth all we are giving for it."

In 1888 Mrs. Logan came home with the children. And the next year, leaving them with friends in the homeland, she went back to Ruk alone, because the work seemed to need her so much. In a personal letter she says, "As for the discomforts of the voyage, you know I learned to bear them long ago."

She received a warm welcome from the loving people of Ruk, and took up the work of the girls' school, having the entire charge of about twenty girls. She writes of her joy in welcoming Miss Kinney at the end of the first year.

I cannot refrain from giving an extract from her journal of 1891, when they had hoped for helpers by the Star and no one came. "I have lived through such disappointments before, but I do not think the friends at home understand the bitterness of it, or what it means to the work. You are wonderfully

good to us in so many, many ways, and we do appreciate it; we love and thank you, but you do fail us in some of the hard and trying places. We read in our newspapers, a year old, and more, some of them, of the growing interest and zeal and enthusiasm and earnestness in missionary work. Dear friends, is it too much to ask that we, away out here on the edge, should have some more substantial evidence of this interest than the thrills which come over us as we read of conventions and rallies and volunteer movements? We want workers—live men and women, filled with zeal and wisdom and with the Holy Spirit. We will not say anything of ourselves; we will not plead our loneliness or our rustiness (we live so out of the world and all the new ways and means), or our weakness, physical or otherwise, but the work. Do some of you come over and help us, for the work needs you."

I think it was in 1894 that Mrs. Logan came again to America, and spent two years with her children, and put through the press a hymn book and several other books in the Ruk language. She traveled about, and spoke many times also.

She returned to Ruk in 1896, to find the work more and more encouraging. She went that year with Mr. Price on the visit to the Mortlock Islands, and spent two days on the little island where they had lived a year in the little native-built house. "They were days not to be forgotten; old memories crowded fast and thick upon me, and heart and eyes were again and again filled beyond control." She closed her journal, as they were expecting the Star, with these words, "Think of us as with abundance of hopeful work to do, and glad in the doing of it," and ask the prayers of all God's people. Her precious Beulah was on the Star, a glad surprise, and her heart overflowed with gratitude.

The year 1898 passed busily and happily; they looked long for the Star, which did not go on account of the war with Spain. Missionaries and supplies were sent by a small vessel from San Francisco. The supplies at Ruk were very short, but they had managed to get along. She writes: "Missionaries, mail, supplies—oh, how much it means to us. Does any one say we do not get some glimpses of heavenly joys here on earth? Let him come to Micronesia! We can assure him of joyful experiences, as well as those supposed to develop saintliness."

The long, hard journeys are over, and the heroic sacrifices, and she has entered upon her reward! What a multitude of stars she has in her crown of rejoicing! And her work in those islands will go on forever. May we not live more consecrated, self-sacrificing lives, and work more for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, inspired by the saintly life of Mrs. Logan.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

Precepts and Promises (Matt. viii: 1-14).

LESSON II. April 8, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them*” (Matt. vii: 12).

Introduction.

Time: Early in the summer of 28 A. D.

Place: The Horns of Hattin.

There is no interval between this lesson and the last, as they are both taken from the same discourse, the Sermon on the Mount.

Critical Notes.

The present lesson covers several different precepts and promises.

V. 1. There were no more censorious and fault-finding persons in existence than the Pharasaic Jewish party with which Jesus came in contact and often in collision. This verse is aimed against that spirit that was so prevalent in his day. The command to “judge not” certainly cannot be understood as meaning that we must not form opinions concerning our fellow-men. This is unavoidable, and we cannot help such as long as we are associated together in the affairs of life. But this command does forbid the too common habit of entering into judgment against our fellow-men on account of things they may say and do. The word in this connection suggests certainly an adverse judgment. We must all give account to God and his judgments will be against us if we are censorious judges of others (cf. James iv: 11). It is not right for us to usurp the place of the judge and sit in judgment on others.

V. 2. Too often that which we condemn in others is manifest in us. The habit of condemnatory judging invites the same thing upon us. Haman was hung on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. The wicked are often caught in their own nets. There is an old proverb which says, “Curses like chickens come home to roost.” (Cf. Rom. ii: 1; II Sam. xii: 5-7; John viii: 7-9.)

V. 3. The point in hand is here illustrated. The mote is a little speck or splinter, while the beam is really a rafter, or log. The word “beholdest” means a scrutinizing look or gaze; the word “considerest” means rather an apprehension as the result of careful consideration. One’s eyes are normally very sensitive, and there is nothing much more painful than some foreign substance in them. Our Savior’s words imply that one’s spiritual perceptions may become so blinded that he can not perceive the great blemish in his own life. “If we were pure the sun which blinds our vision would pain us as greatly as some huge foreign substance in our eye. But in ordinary life people can readily see minute defects in others while they are unconscious of fatal

errors in themselves, and those who judge others most severely are apt to judge themselves most leniently.”

V. 4. No sincere motive moves one who speaks thus, “Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye.” It is a mere pretense of friendship that will permit one thus to speak.

V. 5. But if one should remove the greater fault of his own life he would then be in a better position for seeing clearly how to help his brother get rid of his smaller fault. The essential thing is that we shall obtain clearness of vision on our part. When that has been accomplished, then we will not merely gaze at our brother’s fault, but will be in a position to help him remove his blemish. “Men are more apt to use spectacles than looking-glasses—spectacles to behold other men’s faults rather than looking-glasses to behold their own.”

V. 6. On the other hand there is another danger. While there must not be a censorious spirit, there must be discrimination. Meyer says: “The endeavors to correct the faults of others must be confined within the proper limits, and not allowed to become a casting of holy things to the dogs.” That which is “holy” probably means “the truth.” This is also called “pearls,” indicating its great value. The dogs and swine doubtless represent those who are utterly incapable by nature and disposition of receiving the truth. The swine seeing you cast something to them would rush upon it, supposing it something to eat. In their disappointment they would turn in rage upon their would-be benefactors. Until the nature is changed there will be, and there can be, no true apprehension of the truth.

Vs. 7-11 relate to the matter of prayer. The three words, “ask,” “seek,” and “knock,” are the important words. Dr. Schaff says: “The first of these verbs implies simple petition; the second, earnest desire; the third, perseverance. The first implies that what we need can be obtained only by free gift; the second, that it has been lost; the third, that it has been shut up.” The only condition is action. Of course there are limitations taught us by other passages of Scripture (cf. Jas. iv: 3). The point in hand is illustrated by a son’s petition to his father. The true father will make no mistakes in his answer to his son’s request. He will not intentionally give that which will harm. If this is true, how much more so is it in the case of God. His gifts are good and perfect. Earthly parents exercising their best wisdom often make serious mistakes. There is a fond and foolish indulgence which too often is disastrous to those who experience its favors. But the heavenly Father never makes mistakes. He knows when to grant our petitions, and he also knows when the best answer he can give us is a denial. But his gifts come only to those who ask. Even though he

knows better than we do ourselves what we need, he waits for us to ask. Then in answering he bestows that which is best.

V. 12 constitutes the Golden Rule. In our relations with our fellow-men we are to act toward them in all respects as we would wish them to act toward us. Of course this saying must not be misunderstood as commending any course of action that may be wrong. The things we should do for others must be morally good in all their relations. The Old Testament lays down this fundamental principle as well as the New.

Vs. 13, 14. "Strait" means narrow. For the one who would enter "the strait gate" and follow along the way to which it introduces there will be more or less of constraint; but the end is life. On the other hand, there are thousands of ways by which one may get into the broad road that leads to inevitable destruction. This is true, so far as man is concerned, because he will not enter the narrow, but finds countless entrances into the broad. It is to be noted that these two gates are at the beginning of their respective ways, and not at the end.

Christ's Other Sheep.

Christ's "other sheep!" from Ethiop's plains,
From realms 'mid Arctic waters;
From Ind's rich clime, stript of their chains,
He brings God's "sons and daughters!"
And as each wanderer homeward hies
(Who of the search may tell the cost?)
"Rejoice with Me," the Shepherd cries;
"Lo! I have found that which was lost!"

'Tis your high privilege to be
Coworkers in his toiling;
The "travail of his soul" to see—
Death's ranks to aid in spoiling;
For *him* your work: for, "Inasmuch"
As for his "little ones" ye live,
His own deep heart of love ye touch.
To *him* your gold, your work, ye give!

Let India *feel* the love that burns
In you through Christ; revealing
God's love that o'er all nations yearns,
"His own" in each one sealing;
Spread wide the glorious news! let all
Know the Good Shepherd's patient love!
His "Holy Flock" he soon will call
To the "one fold" with him above!

—Edwin C. Wrenford.

The Devil and Trouble.

A wise mother was wont to say to her sons, "Boys, remember the devil will willingly help you into trouble, but he will never help you out." Ah, what truth and wisdom in those words! How thankful those boys are to-day to that godly mother for repeating them so often and so impressively in their ears. Boys, young men, read them over; think of them; call them up when the devil is trying to lead you into the saloon, the gambling den, the variety theater, the brothel, for by so doing you may both save yourselves and others.—[Telescope.

Benefits of Immigration.

Every continent and section of continent has been overrun by immigration. It characterized early history and later history. It has been witnessed in Asia; it has built up all the colonies of the European powers; it has given much to the United States. It steadily pushed westward our frontier; it has created the newer States, and added size to all the cities and larger villages. It has made every land and large community of Christendom to be somewhat cosmopolitan. New York or Chicago, for instance, have a great commingling of people native born and foreign; of people from every part of the country; of men unlike in quality, in habit and custom. London presents a vast mixture of races and nationalities. Every new land has a great mixture of unlike stocks. And the whole modern world presents a vast scene of men moving to and fro—an intermingling of every sort.

Immigration often brings much to a people. Take Great Britain, for an instance. In every century for more than a thousand years a stream of immigration has flowed in there. The immigrants brought their habits, their knowledge, their arts of life; in point of fact, it was her immigration which brought to England the civilization of the ancient world and the revived culture of continental Europe. The Normans brought the mayor for the government of the city and the chancellor of the exchequer for the finances of the realm. Later, Jews, Templars and Lombards brought in bills of exchange and other commercial improvements. Then, alien merchants, coming to make money, improved the industrial interests of the land. They taught lessons of commerce and finance. Later, craftsmen from Flanders brought in weaving and taught England to manufacture her wool rather than to export it. They started the clothing trade and made it a capitalized business. With its development came after a while the spinners and weavers and dyers and other handicraftsmen, from over sea in Flanders, and other skilled artisans from over sea in Italy. When the Huguenots, men of character and means, men of skill, were pitched out of France, "seventeen out of twenty who took to the sea" landed in England and made a great contribution to her industrial progress on land and water.

In like manner many a land has been indebted to aliens who could help and who knew how to help others. Sometimes the foreigner has come from a higher culture in some respects, and become a teacher; sometimes he has come from a lower culture in some respects, and become a learner. In each case he has been a kind of raw material that has been assimilated, that has been manufactured into something new and needed; and has added to the size, the strength, the skill of the land he has come to. E. W. B.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Christ Our Missionary Model (John iv: 5-15).

Topic for April 8th.

Quarterly Missionary Meeting.

In thinking of Jesus as a model care must be taken not to follow the mechanical idea. Imitation may end in Phariseeism. In art one may closely reproduce the work of another, without having the genius or sympathy or ideals of the originator. In religious life the words of Christ may be memorized and repeated; his deeds may be carefully reproduced and a general similarity of tone assumed; but this does not necessarily involve an inward likeness. There may be only an external conformity. Even this is not without its value. No one would banish from the world all painted flowers, all etchings of landscapes, or all human forms in marble. All these contribute to the better enjoyment of our journey "from shore to shore." But still less would any one confound the real flower or landscape or human form with the manufactured imitation.

* * *

While we talk so much about taking Jesus as our model, it is very suggestive that he says very little about it. He does not put our opportunity in that way. "If any man have not the *spirit* of Christ, he is none of his," is the thought constantly pressed upon the human mind. "Have this *mind* in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." There is something which precedes taking Christ as a model; it is Christhood itself. The personal gift of ourselves to our Savior, so that we shall have his mind, his power and his ideals within our own beings, is the step first to be taken before we can take him as our model in any living and permanent sense. Christ as our model belongs to our methods after we have shared his spirit. It is not training our hands that we may have his ideals; but it is gaining his ideals that they may guide our hands. It is not doing his deeds that we may grow into his character; but it is having his character that we may act as he did.

* * *

The missionary thought of the day greatly needs this conception. What means this tremendous effort of organization, convention, publication and appeal to arouse interest, stir flagging energy and replenish depleted treasuries? There has been too much imitation and too little of the spirit of Christ. Too much modelism has been practiced and not enough new life in the soul. No man can be a true missionary who is only an emissary. No missionary cause can be supported by gifts from people who simply imitate. As our model in missionary work, Jesus Christ shows us what must be the spirit of the missionary; it

is a glowing love for sinful man. It is an inward impulse that must be regarded. It must go out; it must go somewhere, to some person, and bear the message of eternal life. That is the spirit in which the Son of God left his heavenly home. It was that which sent him among us in the likeness of men. He became poor for our sakes, because of the same impulse.

* * *

To measure our missionary character, we may not look so much to what we are giving here or there. It is not chiefly our enrollment in an organization; or the part we take in the general movements of missionary stir and activity. It is the burning spirit within us that makes or unmakes us as missionaries. It is not place or opportunity or recognition or ordination. It is Christ in us, moving us as he moved himself. Paul was a missionary, not because he traveled throughout the world to speak his message; not because he was sent to the Gentiles; not because his work lay among the heathen; but because he had a spirit which said: "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." That sent him anywhere. That led him to endure anything for the sake of making the good news known among men. That gave him patience to wait for the results of his labors. That caused him to sow seed the harvest of which he might never see. That made him utter those burning words: "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

* * *

With this spirit in us, giving us the missionary character which our Lord had, some other things will follow. We will watch for the opportunity. It may not be some great call to cross oceans or to make our home among savages. We may see it when the next caller appears. It may come when we are traveling. It may comfort us in the Sunday-school class, at the social, in school, when we meet a friend on the street or in the quiet chat.

It will also make us careful, very careful, what our message is. To declare something as gospel which is not gospel is one of the saddest mistakes possible. Read what Paul says of this in Gal. i: 6-10. It were better far to be silent than to be misleading. But with the spirit of Jesus Christ, which every one of us may have, we shall neither be dumb nor false to the truth. To have Christ within us is the only way of making him our model in missionary service.

We believe it is better to raise the percentage of attendance to enrollment ten per cent than to add ten per cent to the enrollment. A low percentage of attendance to enrollment is a sign of inefficient organization, as a rule.—[Marion Lawrance.]

Home Circle.

The Children's Church.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath
 I like in the church to see
 The dear little children clustered,
 And worshipping there with me.
 I am sure that the gentle pastor,
 Whose words are like summer dew,
 Is cheered as he gazes over
 Those dear little heads in the pew.
 Faces earnest and thoughtful,
 Innocent, grave and sweet—
 They look in the congregation
 Like lilies among the wheat;
 And I think that the tender Master,
 Whose mercies are ever new,
 Has a special benediction
 For those dear little heads in the pew.
 When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
 Or, "Suffer the babes to come,"
 They are glad that the loving Father
 Has given the lambs a home—
 A place of their own, with His people;
 He cares for me and for you,
 But close to His arms He gathers
 Those dear little heads in the pew.
 So I love, in the great assembly,
 On the Sabbath morns to see
 The dear little children clustered,
 And worshipping there with me.
 For I know that our heavenly Father,
 Whose mercies are ever new,
 Has a special benediction
 For those little heads in the pew.

—Margaret Sangster.

Low Birth Rate in Ontario.

The recent publication of the statistics of births and deaths in the Province of Ontario for 1898, reveals an alarming condition of affairs. Last year there was an animated discussion in the Ontario provincial synod of the alarming diminution in the provincial birth rate. All kinds of explanations were offered, and in some places reflections were made upon the accuracy of the statistics. Since that time special efforts have been made to secure the registration of every birth, and in making up the totals at the end of the year the statistician has added ten per cent of the whole, in order to allow for any possible omissions.

The result shows no improvement upon last years' figures. Notwithstanding all the efforts to swell the figures as much as possible, the total birth rate of the province shows as small a percentage as the birth rate of France, which is lower than that of any other country in Europe, and almost as low as that of the States of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. A comparison of the statistics for the different countries of the province shows that the birth rate is highest in the counties which have a large French-Canadian population. In the purely English-speaking counties the birth rate is quite as low as in any of the New England States, no matter how numerous the marriages.

The head of the Bureau does not hesitate to say that a low condition of public morality is responsible for this low birth rate. If present conditions continue there can be only one result, namely, the Frenchifying of the province. A few years ago the number of French-Canadians in Ontario could be counted by the hundreds. Now they number upward of 150,000. As there is no exodus of the population from France to Canada, and as there has been scarcely any during the past two centuries, all the increase in the French population of Canada since 1681 has been from within. The census of that year gave the total number of French Canadians as 9,700. By doubling itself every twenty-seven years since this population has now increased to 2,200,000.

It is estimated from a reliable quarter, at the present rate of progress, the French-Canadian population of the North American continent will exceed 70,000,000. The French-Canadian newspapers are already anticipating the time when their people will control the destinies of Ontario and probably those of the Northern States as well. The *Temps* of Ottawa, commenting upon this prospect, gives all the credit to the women of French-Canada. It says:

"Let us never forget that if we count for anything it is much less to our public men, to whom we often give the credit, than to the mother of the French-Canadian family, to this valiant creation of the good God, who courageously accepts all the responsibilities of conjugal life, and makes it her chief glory to raise a numerous family, thus giving faithful sons to the Church and good citizens to the State. It is the French-Canadian mother who has made us a people, and who, in the course of time, and with the aid of God, will make of us a nation. Glory to her! And may her daughters and their daughters follow her example."

Both the Church and the State, in French Canada employ their influence, towards preventing any falling-off in the fecundity of their people, but there have been no attempts as yet in any of the English-speaking provinces, publicly, to reward fruitfulness in the marriage state by granting bonuses in the shape of State grants of land to fathers of twelve living children, as is done in the province of Quebec, under legislative enactment. In that province, on the other hand, scarcely a day passes that some proud parent does not present himself to the Parliament House to claim the State reward for his obedience to the divine command to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.—[N. Y. Sun.

A patch is better than a hole, and patched garments which are paid for are more comfortable than new ones which make a man afraid to meet his tailor.

Cows, or Steam Engines?

Ernest Seton-Thompson, author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc., in writing in the *March Century* of "The National Zoo at Washington," raises an interesting question as to the relative value of domestic animals and human inventions:

"At the beginning of this century the continent of North America was one vast and teeming game-range. Not only were the Buffalo in millions across the Mississippi, but other large game was fully as abundant, though less conspicuous. Herds of elk, numbering ten or fifteen thousand, were commonly seen along the upper Missouri. The antelope ranged the higher plains in herds of thousands; whitetail deer, though less gregarious, were seen in bands of hundreds; while big-horn sheep, though still less disposed to gather in large flocks, were rarely out of sight in the lower parts of the Eastern Rockies, and it was quite usual to see several hundred blacktail in the course of a single day's travel.

But a change set in when the pioneer Americans, with their horses, their deadly rifles, their energy, and their taste for murder, began to invade the newly found West. The settlers increased in numbers, and the rifles became more deadly each year; but the animals did not improve in speed, cunning, or fecundity in an equal ratio, and so were defeated in the struggle for life, and started on the down grade toward extinction. Aside from sentimental or esthetic reasons, which I shall not here discuss, the extinction of a large or highly organized animal is a serious matter.

1. It is always dangerous to disturb the balance of nature by removing a poise. Some of the worst plagues have arisen in this way.

2. We do not know, without much and careful experiment, how vast a service that animal might have done to mankind as a domestic species.

The force of this will be more apparent if we recollect how much the few well-known domestic species have done for the advancement of our race. Who can decide which has done more for mankind, the cow or the steam-engine, the horse or electricity, the sheep or the printing-press, the dog or the rifle, the ass or the loom? No one indeed can pronounce on these, yet all on reflection feel that there is reason in the comparisons. Take away these inventions, and we put back a century, or perhaps two; but further, take away the domestic animals, and we are reduced to absolute savagery, for it was they who first made it possible for our aboriginal forefathers to settle in one place and learn the rudiments of civilization.

And it is quite possible, though of course not demonstrable, that the humble chuckle barn-fowl has been a larger benefactor of our

race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth to-day where the barn-fowl is not a mainstay for health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is the mainstay, and nowhere is there known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.

Children As Investments.

Dear! as young mothers may love their babes, and eagerly though they may welcome the care and confinement incident upon bringing up a family of children, there are moments—weary, discouraged moments—when they long for more freedom, if only in order to do and to be more for the sake of husband and children. In a talk with one of our wisest writers on home topics the conversation turned upon the deprivations of young mothers. We spoke sympathetically of one and another who chafe now and then because they are tied to tedious household tasks, shut out from society, unable to entertain, to go about with their husbands, or to keep pace with the man's intellectual life. "I always want to tell them," said this motherly woman of ripe years and experience, "to look at home and children as investments." The husband and father is, as a matter of course, investing all his strength and time and capital in his business. He works and waits patiently, uncomplainingly, in hope of future recompense and leisure to be shared with his dear ones. So the thought of the future, when her children shall prove themselves worthy of her love and care, when they shall be companions and comforts to their parents, may sustain a mother through present weary days. Many a mother and grandmother can testify that their boys and girls have turned out to be the best investments life could offer.—[Congregationalist.]

When God's children pass under the shadow of the cross of Calvary, they know that through that shadow lies their passage to the great white throne. For them Gethsemane is as a paradise. God fills it with sacred presences; its solemn silence is broken by the music of tender promises, its awful darkness softened and brightened by the music of angel wings.—[Dean Farrar.]

"To educate the child we must educate the parents along with him. We cannot greatly elevate the child so long as his parents act as dead weights." This principle, which the *Child-Study Monthly* declares to be its motto, certainly suggests the possibilities of the Home Department in securing parental Bible-study as a help to the child.—[Heidelberg Teacher.]

Two Ways of Giving.

"If I could find a dollar,"
 Said little Tommy Gill,
 "A-layin' in a pig's track,
 Or rollin' up a hill,
 I'd send it to the heathen
 As fast as it could go,
 For they are needing money—
 My teacher told me so."

"I can give a penny now,"
 Said little Willie Pool,
 "And that will buy a paper
 To start a Sunday-school,
 I'd better give a penny,
 And give it right away,
 Than wait to find a dollar
 To give another day."

So Willie gave his penny,
 A wish gave Tommy Gill;
 Now which saw his dollar first
 Go rolling up the hill?

—*May Olmstead, in Little Workers.*

Billy Fairfield's Promise.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said, "Yes'm," promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted until he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs, and shouted, "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle, and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said, "Oh, dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"Oh, mother! I can't go away up there alone."

Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby, and if they waked him, baby would wake too; so Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said, "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone, but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took the milk, and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's ears were cold, but he had the milk-can in one hand, and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed, when she opened the door, "Why, what made you come away up here to-night? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow without the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered; and Billie wished nobody would look at him.

"'Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged, when they had started for home again. The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"Buy the truth and sell it not," said his mother. "The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again.

Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed, but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself on the front of the sled while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal-stove in the sitting-room. "I b'lieve I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

"'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help, instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending stockings to-night, so I shall mend them to-morrow when I was going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite dessert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other, for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word; that's all I want," Billie would smile, and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—[Sunday-school Times.]

Jenny Lind's Determination.

"You must change your entire method of singing," said a famous teacher of vocal technique in Europe. She knew that the greatest and most successful singers then before the public had been his pupils, and had followed his method of voice building.

But how could she afford to throw away those three years of patient practice, go back and change and undo all that she had laboriously accomplished hitherto? The sacrifice seemed too great. Would it pay? She was already a good singer. Her voice was one of exceptional power and sweetness. The temptation was strong to be content with what she might become under the old method, even if

it were not the best. She went to her room and thought it all over. Finally she said to herself: "The time will come when I shall weep for this moment if I let it pass. I am determined to be content with nothing but the best that is possible, for me, no matter what the sacrifice may be."

In the morning she went again to the famous teacher and told him that she was ready to begin her musical education afresh, according to his method. That young woman was Jenny Lind.—[Ram's Horn.

Mercy for the Greatest Sinner.

The mercy of God is wonderful. In our self-complacency we may think ourselves deserving and contemplate the mercy of God without emotion. But when we consider the nature of sin, it is amazing that God ever turned toward us with compassion. We were lost, but it was by our own wandering. We were under condemnation, but it was for our own willful transgression. We were strangers to the covenants of promise, but it was because we made ourselves aliens to them. There was separation between us and God, but it was because by our sins we had made ourselves loathsome in his sight. And yet there is mercy.

Mercy unsolicited! One may be alienated and yet yield to the cry for pity. But no such cry went up from men. There was no turning of the heart to God, no imploring of his compassion and grace. The blind man cried out to the son of David, who was already near to him, but God revealed his grace before there was a prayer for mercy. There is no self-repentant spirit in sin. Like other great forces it moves in right lines in the direction of its impulse. It has no returning power. It belongs to its very nature, like the wandering star, to go farther and farther out into the darkness. God sought us out. The Shepherd followed us. The Father yearned for us and waited.

Mercy for all! The voice of Jesus was new to the world, and his words touch chords before untouched. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: * yea, come and drink." "If any man thirst, let him come." These words are borne on the winds. Scented with the fragrance of love, they are borne to all the people. They come into the spacious palaces of the rich; they come into the bare rooms of the poor. The dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, in Asia, hear the wonderful works of God. There is no class spirit in Jesus; the poor, conscience-stricken woman had as easy access to him as the Pharisee of high standing. There is no distinction in his mercy. "Thy sins be forgiven thee" was spoken as readily to the one whose sins were many as to

the one whose friends did not think him a sinner.

The depths of the mercy of God! There is no one too low, too far sunken in iniquity, too hardened in sin. This was the burden of the apostle's rejoicing: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints; to me, the chief of sinners." "Whosoever" is the word of Jesus. That word reaches to the depths, and his ear is ever attentive to the cry from the depths. When we thus cry, our argument is, "With thee is plenteous redemption!"—[United Presbyterian.

Mongoose and Cobra.

A correspondent sends this letter to St. Nicholas for March:

Philadelphia, Pa.

I have an uncle who is in India, and he wrote me a note telling me about a fight between a cobra and mongoose. I liked it so much that I want other people to enjoy it, too. Any one who has read the "Jungle Book" will, I am sure, like it very much. Here it is:

"You remember the 'Rikki-tikki-tavy' in the 'Jungle Book'? Well, the little mongoose's tail *did* bristle out just like a bottle-brush, and the cobra struck at him again and again. The little mongoose's eyes got bright as beads, and he never took them off the cobra for a second as it reared above him; and every time that it struck, quick as lightning the little Rikki-tikki-tavy jumped away quicker than lightning, leaving the cobra's head to come down with a bump. He watched his chance, and then sprang in close on the coils of the snake, and somehow managed to grab him by the lower jaw. Then such a circus as there was! It was just a whirl of snake and bottle-brush tail and beady little eyes. Once or twice the snake coiled so tightly round him that he almost choked him off, but the slim and sleek little body of the mongoose seemed able to wriggle out of anything. Quick as a flash he changed his hold, and his teeth sank into the snake just back of the head; then it was only a matter of a few seconds before the cobra was stretched out dead. Rikki had his mouth too close to the poison-sacs of the snake, and after the battle he spit and frothed and scraped his mouth in the dust until his little nose got as red as fire. He was just as tame as a kitten, and I wanted to send him home to you, but he would be sure to die on the way."—[Helen Kate Furness.

Our theological skeptics are seldom those who are engaged in the active ministry. They come from the cloister and the class-room. Theories have taken the place of men, and work has dissipated itself into idle speculation.—[Presbyterian Journal.

Church News.

Redlands.—Dedication services for the new church are appointed for Sunday, April 1, at 11 a. m.

Barstow and Daggett.—These desert stations on the Santa Fe overland route are supplied for the present by Rev. F. J. Culver. He finds the people hungry for the Word and ready to pledge themselves freely for its support.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—A reception given to Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks last Friday evening was largely attended. Among the ministers present to greet the new pastor and wife were the Rev. Charles R. Brown of the First Congregational church, Oakland, Revs. Messrs. Hill and Frazer of the Baptist and Presbyterian churches, East Oakland, and the Rev. J. R. Knodell.

Berkeley First.—Rev. J. H. Goodell preached in the morning. The evening service was conducted by the Salvation Army, under the leadership of Staff-Captain Connett. At 9:30 Staff-Captain Withers began the sermon of the evening. The text morning and evening chanced to be the same: "Behold, I come quickly," etc. Fifty dollars were raised at the evening service, one-half for the home work of the Salvation Army, and one-half for the famine sufferers in India. Prof. T. R. Bacon addressed the men's club of the church recently, on "The History of South Africa"—a very valuable and interesting lecture.

San Francisco Plymouth.—Dr. F. B. Cherington took for his text Sunday morning Matt. iv: 4—"Not by bread alone." The pastor, in referring to past and present materialism and the growing power of commercialism, according to which honesty and morality are foolishness, Esau and those who would ignore the Sabbath being of the class, said there is that in the human soul reaching after higher things and hungering for more than the product of the wheat fields can supply; hence education and the spread of knowledge; conscience and the spiritual life so fully enjoyed by St. Paul when he said, "With me to live is Christ," the spirit of God dwelling in him abundantly. We need the Heavenly Bread, the Christ of Christianity, to walk the dusty roads of life; giving strength against temptation, rendering loyal obedience in this world while not of it, having messages from God's throne, raising us above sordid materialism.

Bay Association.

The spring meeting of the Bay Association will be held with the church at Niles, on Tuesday, April 3d. The morning session begins at 10:15. Take the ferry from San Francisco

at 8:30, or train from Oakland, First street and Broadway, at 9:09.

PROGRAM.

Morning Session.

10:15 a. m.—Organization and devotion.

10:30.—Business.

11:30.—Paper, "The Fellowship of the Church Meeting," Rev. L. J. Garryer.

Afternoon Session.

2:00 p. m.—Devotional service.

2:30 p. m.—Paper, "The Spiritual Values of the Church Meeting," Rev. S. R. Wood.

3:10 p. m.—Paper, "The Best Methods," Rev. B. F. Sargent.

3:50 p. m.—Paper, "The Problem of the Stay-Aways," Rev. F. F. Pearse.

4:30 p. m.—"Free Parliament," led by Prof. R. R. Lloyd.

5:30 p. m.—Adjournment.

Each paper will be followed by discussion. Train leaves Niles for Oakland and San Francisco at 5:52 p. m. The people of Niles give a hearty invitation to those who were formerly members of the Bay Association, as well as those whose names are now upon the roll. Neither in blossoms nor in hospitality do we yield the palm to Saratoga. Come and see us, and may our meeting together be a season of spiritual quickening.

Edson D. Hale,

For the Business Com.

Notes and Personals.

The Bay Association meets at Niles Tuesday next.

Prayer-meetings at San Juan are larger than for a long time before.

The Rev. Dr. McLean will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The San Francisco Association is to meet with the Richmond church Thursday of next week. The general topic for consideration will be, "The Providence of God."

Rev. E. S. Williams spent Sunday with the churches at Paso Robles and San Miguel, and is to meet Superintendent Maile of Southern California in conference with these churches on Wednesday of this week.

Rev. S. H. Cheadle of San Juan has purchased a fruit ranch and has moved thereon. He says he knows now just how his parishioners feel on Wednesday night when they come to the prayer-meeting after a hard day's work.

Rev. F. M. Washburn, who has been pastor at Rohnersville, Hydesville and Fortuna for a little more than a year, has accepted a call from the church at Lincoln. The Fortuna Advance says: "Mr. Washburn had greatly en-

deared himself to his people during his pastorate and will be greatly missed."

Congregationalists who may be thinking of coming from other places to make their homes in some of the cities about the bay will do well to look at East Oakland. Pilgrim church will be found a pleasant and helpful church home. The editor of The Pacific has found it to be all this during the last three years.

Rev. F. B. Perkins spent Sunday at Petaluma. He says that he found the church work there in an excellent condition, the congregations much increased and deeply interested, and that the Rev. Mr. Goodell has a right to feel happy and much encouraged over the work of the past six months and the outlook for the future.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

About a year ago the Board of Managers of the Congregational City Missionary Society had its attention particularly called to the condition of neglected fields in suburban districts. The need for special work being great, it undertook to provide oversight and preaching services as far as possible in four fields and one out-station, through the City Missionary, Rev. D. B. Gray. Three of these had Sunday-schools already, one of them being sustained under peculiarly discouraging circumstances. Two other places had good church buildings, but no Sunday-schools or preaching. These were encouraged by the starting of preaching services and pastoral visitation to organize Sunday-schools, which have grown and prospered. Increased life and attendance has also been infused into those previously carried on. Congregations have been good at all the preaching services, and are composed largely of young people. At each place church members are few, and at least three-fourths of those who attend are not professing Christians. Not long since a city pastor exchanged with the missionary at one of these missions one Sunday evening, and went home saying that "the missionary has a larger congregation than I have at home." Another city pastor expressed himself as envious of the missionary in that he had opportunity to preach to so many outsiders. At one point a Y. P. S. C. E. has been organized, and the membership is now forty-five, fully one-half being active. The meetings are held on Friday evenings, so that the missionary can attend, and at the last meeting seventy-five persons, young and old, were present. Other societies will be started before long. At another place, where the chapel had no bell, the little church quietly procured one without taking the missionary into the secret, and completely surprised him one day as he was approaching over the hills to meet an appointment. At another place the young people bought lumber and the young

men joined forces and laid a long line of sidewalk to the church. This added so much to the comfort and ease of getting to the house of worship that at the next appointment after the work had been completed the missionary found the largest congregation since beginning his work there. In three of the districts referred to our Sunday-school and preaching services supply the only religious instruction that people have. The best of all is that in every locality there seems to be a growing interest in spiritual things. At one point six were received by letter and four on confession.

At the Smyrna church at Needy, Clackamas county, Rev. J. M. Dick pastor, four members have been received recently, two by letter and two on confession.

At the March communion two members were added to the First church of this city by letter.

On the 18th inst. the First church, Salem, received eight new members. This makes a total of twenty-seven since January 1st, twenty of them on profession of faith. A number have already made application to unite with the church on the next communion day. The church will hold special services during Passion week. A deep spiritual influence pervades the church at present.

The passion for whiteness seems to have seized Salem recently, and in consequence residences and public buildings are being dressed in white. The First church has been affected by this passion, and it, too, is being transformed by the hand of the painter into a picture of snowy whiteness.

During the past week Rev. George A. Taggart, of the Mississippi Avenue church, this city, has been holding special meetings every night, and the attendance has been gratifying, and increasing from the first.

Rev. J. P. McNaughton of Smyrna, Turkey, a missionary of the American Board, preached in the First church, this city, this morning, by request of Pastor Ackerman, and his discourse was most interesting. He preached in the Hassalo Street church in the evening, and will go to Tacoma on Wednesday.

Rev. James D. Dorward of Amamzimtote, South Africa, passed through this city during the week. He is a staunch friend of the Boers in the present war.

Since Wednesday last the flags of the State have been at half-mast in honor of the return of the bodies of the last of those in the Second Oregon who gave up their lives in the Philippines. The final act in the funeral ceremonies was performed to-day at the armory, in the presence of thousands of people. Unfortunately, the selection of Sunday for the services prevented many from attending who would have rejoiced to honor the occasion.

Portland, March 25, 1900.

Washington Letter.

.. Learned.

The Year-book tables from Washington have been completed by Registrar James, as far as pastors and church clerks have allowed him to have the necessary information, and yet out of the lessened number of living churches twenty-four out of one hundred and twenty-six fail to report. For these churches, some being yoked with others and thirty-four vacant, we have sixty-five pastors and two supplies. Four churches have been dropped, but including 751 absent members we have a total of 6,167, a gain of 122.

The additions during the year have been 422 by confession and 407 by letter, and removals from all causes, 641.

The gain in Sabbath-schools, both church and independent, have been about 900 members.

The total benevolences are \$9,337, a gain of \$2,168. Home expenditures of the 97 churches reporting the facts are, \$63,405, an increase of \$6,915.

The series of meetings with the church at Newport, Rev. A. R. Johnson pastor, were continued over Sunday, the 18th, and during that time very valuable assistance has been rendered by Rev. J. T. Percival, missionary of the C. S. S. & P. S., Pastor Davies of the Second church, Spokane, and by General Missionary Walters, and some of the results appear in the eight or ten applications for church membership.

Rev. Preston R. Jackson of Sprague has resigned his pastorate there, and has received a unanimous call to the church at North Yakima.

Field Secretary Puddefoot of the H. M. S. is expected to spend a few weeks of May on the Pacific Coast, and will make his earliest dates in Washington, from about the 1st to 8th of that month, hoping to meet most of the local Associations during that time. He will arrive from the East over the Canadian Pacific railway.

The Northwestern Association will change its date slightly for this meeting, holding the same on Thursday and Friday, May 3d and 4th, instead of on the 1st and 2d of May. It will meet with the University church, Seattle, Rev. T. C. Wiswell, pastor.

Spokane, March 23d.

East Washington Notes.

By Iorwerth.

On Tuesday evening, March 20th, the Westminster church gave a reception to the new pastor, Rev. G. R. Wallace, D.D., and his wife. It was informal, no special effort being made to bring the crowd together, no speech-making, but in every way pleasant, the representative Congregationalists, both lay and

ministerial, being in attendance. Dr. Wallace proves himself the right man in the right place. The congregations are increasing in a manner that is gratifying to both pastor and people, and all elements are rallying around the leader in a way that promises great things.

A series of meetings are going on at this writing at Colfax. The pastor, Rev. H. P. James, was assisted in the preaching last week by Rev. H. C. Mason of Pullman, and this week by Rev. Wm. Davies of Second church, this city. Meetings are to begin at Pilgrim church to-morrow. Revs. H. C. Mason and J. D. Jones will do the preaching for the next two weeks.

The Rev. Samuel Greene is making a tour of inspection of this region, especially Northern Idaho, with a view of putting a missionary on this promising field in the near future.

The Hillyard church had a unique entertainment, consisting of instrumental and vocal music and recitations, which drew a crowd-house last week, and the proceeds amounted to \$25. It was under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. Rev. F. C. Krause will begin a series of four sermons on Pilgrim's Progress, with stereopticon views, next Sunday evening.

Spokane, March 24th.

There are 14,000 new cases of tuberculosis each year in the State of New York. A bill now before the Legislature provides for the establishment of a State hospital in the Adirondacks, for the treatment of incipient cases. The bill has the approval of the medical profession. The experience of Massachusetts during the last year and a half, where a hospital has been in operation, is such as to recommend the plan to New York and other States. We hope that it will not be many years until such hospitals will be found all over the country. California should have one somewhere in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

On the initiative of Lord Roberts, a newspaper has been started at Bloemfontein for the edification of the troops. Rudyard Kipling contributed to the inaugural edition on St. Patrick's Day the following lines—

"O Terrence dear, and did you hear
The news that's going 'round?
The Shamrock's Erin's badge by law
Wh'er her sons are found,
From Bloemfontein to Bally Bank,
'Tis ordered by the Queen.
We've won our right in open fight—
The wearing of the green."

In living together, our main duty is to compromise, not principles, but those things especially our own, which yet cannot be indulged in without injustice or injury to others—
[J. F. W. Ware.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

Saratoga's Success.

Our God whom we worshiped with opening morning and closing evening doxologies smiled on us through a perfect day. As the morning mists rolled away doubts cleared. It were worth honest work to give the children the happy holiday the trustees were persuaded to offer them. Our own villagers are not easily surpassed when they set out for a genuine picnic. Neighboring schools sent in their quotas of charming kids to gambol with ours. Of course the parents came to look after them. Pastor Tenney wheeled up from San Jose with a bicycle suit which caught the eyes of all the boys. When the Park Station agent at Alameda telephoned that a hundred and sixty-five guests were coming from the city we knew our hands were to be as full as our hearts. It was fun alive to see handsome women in silk dresses pile into the four-horse drays of the Hume ranch and start off for the sea of blossoms as jubilant as school girls on a straw ride. Capitalist and clerk sat on adjacent cushions in a swell four-in-hand, and a winsome lady, who said it was worth coming clear from London to see such floral luxuriance, rode with an honest farm hand as contentedly as if milord himself were by her to drop his "h's" and hold on to his lines.

How sorry we were we had not watered our roadways as we begin to do May 1st! How many things the embarrassed committee thought of after their presumption in calling the crowd to our little village! We entertained angels. If critical words were spoken our ears missed them. Congress Spring water had all the social stimulus champagne is said to have. Coffee cheered the lovers who sat closely under the trees, and warmed the farmer-families who drove the farm teams a long ride in the cool of the morning. The thrifty ladies who prepared "the best twenty-five cent dinner ever seen" saw it all disappear satisfactorily. Our athletes had to wait for partial digestion before their competitions could begin, and then had glad grace to cheer the contestants who carried off the prizes to other villages. It seemed but an hour until our guests were whirling back again along the ever-green foothills, or making a wide detour by the progressive Sosis Rancho, to meet their comrades on the train at Santa Clara. Our duties of hospitality done, our home fun began. Los Gatos boys out-batted ours and their score was 10 to 6; but they'll be welcome to come again and let us turn the tables next year. The school boys planted a memorial palm the Los Gatos nursery gave them, and piled high a bonfire of logs and rubbish, which was typical of their young civic pride and purpose. Saratoga last week touched a high-water mark of

elaborate public entertainment in "The Old Curiosity Shop," given by the ladies of the Congregational church. In popular effectiveness the Blossom Fete program was an ideal success and crowded the large hall. Our boys marched under the Stars and Stripes and our graceful girls swung baskets of flowers with fitting and sweet songs until our hearts were in our throats and we cheered for double encores.

Hon. D. C. Bell of Minneapolis was as ever an effective speaker, and the next day emphasized his own speech by bargaining for a choice little field of trees, which we hope will win him every winter from his cold but healthful home. Our Doctor Lowell, a brother of President Lowell of the State Y. P. S. C. E., won golden opinions by his courteous and winsome performance of manifold duties as president of the day. Saratoga shook hands with herself, sang the Doxology gratefully, and went home tired but happy.

What of It?

We are paid for days and days of strenuous labor by the joys of seeing hundreds of happy people. We have made fit prelude for our Thanksgiving. Those of us who stay out of Heaven so long will respond to our President's Thanksgiving Proclamation *con amore*. Our bills are all paid, and although we had no purpose of local profit when we began our sane friend will regret that we have five village lamps paid for and fifty dollars in our treasury to furnish oil and care for them. The Saratoga Improvement Society of yesteryear is revived, re-officered with blossom buds and blood, and purposes to push our local forester, F. M. Farwell, Esq., into a position where he can save our native trees from vandal axes and beautify our charming country drives.

We hope our saloons, which closed their bars so honestly that we saw no intoxicated man on our streets, will join our honest efforts to make our charming village the most attractive place for homes in our favored county. If Mr. Andrew Carnegie or any other good man wants to use gold he can not carry into the city of the golden pavements, to build a useful library in an aspiring California village, he will find Saratoga open to a fair and honorable challenge.

How We Did It

Let a picture tell you. We boys, including a parson, a professor, a big Prohibitionist and a husky lot of school boys, tackled with a big swing rope an enormous prostrate stump. We thought it would slide in the dust like a toboggan on the snow. No; its great prongs scratched the ground—dragged—stuck. But we stuck to it. There was the blazing bonfire, half a mile away. Our collars wilted. Our hearts beat. The rope chafed our hands. We rested and we ran. We got all the fun there was out of it. We can

not write "Work and Play," as Horace Bushnell did, but we can "work and play." Sir Stump tumbled onto the fire and we ran down the hill to join the closing exercises of Santa Clara Valley's first Blossom Fete, and make it a great success. We pulled together.

Rev. S. D. Belt.

Rev. S. D. Belt, pastor the Congregational churches of Paso Robles and San Miguel, died at Paso Robles, March 17, 1900, of heart failure, in his sixty-fourth year. One more faithful laborer has entered into rest and reward. But to these feeble churches suddenly left shepherdless his departure seems a great loss. For nearly two years his ministry had cheered and strengthened them. For the past year a large part of his time and strength has been given to securing funds for the proposed and greatly needed house of worship at Paso Robles. All our Congregational brotherhood, north and south, knew him and the cause he so earnestly and successfully pleaded. His last work was in a renewed plea for funds among the friends of the Bay region. Returning with a severe cold, which threatened pneumonia, he was confined to his bed for nearly two weeks. As he told the writer, "If I could have had only two weeks more I should have secured every dollar needed for our building. I have all pledged but about \$150, and I think a part of that is in sight." But it was not to be in his sight.

Symptoms of heart failure developed during the last few days, and he "set his house in order." On Saturday afternoon the kind friends in whose home he was being cared for saw that he was sinking. All that human help could do was done, but he had heard the Master's call. "Come home!" and with his last breath he whispered, "I'm going Home, now." Doubtless he passed quickly into the Savior's presence—yes, saw "him face to face," and was also welcomed by wife and children, all gone on before him. With consciousness of our loss, but rejoicing in his gain, we say, "Well done, Brother Belt! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

On Sunday afternoon, March 18th, funeral services, largely attended by the sympathetic citizens of Paso Robles, were conducted by Rev. H. P. Case, temporarily present, assisted by the pastors of Paso Robles churches, who expressed their personal appreciation of our departed brother and their sense of loss.

Monday, March 19th, the body was taken north, to be buried beside those of his family in the cemetery at Woodland, Cal. At request, memorial services, conducted by Rev. H. P. Case, assisted by the pastor of the M. E. church, were held in the Congregational church at San Miguel, Monday night, March 19th.

Our church work in these two fields has suffered a great loss. May the Lord of the harvest speedily send the right man to carry on the work in these churches. And the Congregational fellowship of California ought, at once, to guarantee the lacking \$150, or more, needed to secure the speedy building of the church at Paso Robles. We owe it as a memorial to our beloved brother departed.

H. P. C.

The Exclusion of Roberts.

It is noticeable that the women who were prominent in the movement to keep polygamist Roberts out of Congress have shown little disposition to exult over the decided victory won. Believing, as every Christian woman does, that exclusion was due not to human effort but to the power of God put forth in gracious answer to prayer, they have felt it to be more fitting to humbly and quietly give God thanks. But it is interesting to note what others say of woman's part in the anti-Roberts campaign. Henry Macfarland, Washington correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, writes thus in the *Christian Endeavor World*:

"The good women of the country excluded Roberts of Utah—famous or infamous in his bad eminence forever—from the national House of Representatives. They showed the mighty power of their influence by halting Roberts upon the threshold of the House until he could be regularly and finally turned away altogether. The good men of the country were generally sympathetic with the movement against the polygamist, but they were passive and even indifferent except as they were stirred up by the women relatives and friends. When all the good women of the country actively ask for anything that Congress or either House of it can give, it will be given. . . . Before the House met a large majority of its members had been induced to determine that Roberts should never take the Utah seat, and it was a foregone conclusion that on every vote they would maintain that position.

"No newspaper and no individual can claim the glory of this victory over polygamy. Miss Helen Gould deserves the credit she receives, but only as one of many who took part in the greatest popular movement of its kind in our history. It began just after the election of Roberts in November, 1898, with the home missionaries in Utah; especially the Presbyterians, who wrote to their boards and their friends in the East. Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, and Mrs. Darwin R. James, of New York, were among the first who responded and among the most effective workers at all times. The movement slowly spread all over the country, and gradually strengthened as the Christian women became interested in it, until it became irresistible."

Household.

A CRIME OF THOUGHTLESSNESS

WHICH CAUSES THE DEATH OF MANY SICK-ROOM VICTIMS.

"Thoughtlessness and mistaken kindness in the sick-room slay their thousands, and the family and nurses are oft-times the unknown accessories to the deed," is the emphatic opinion of Bland Brunner Huddleston, writing of "Visitors to the Sick Room" in the *March Woman's Home Companion*. "They fear criticism too much. Their mothers and grandmothers never dreamed of refusing admittance to the sick-room; it would 'cause talk' to begin it. So the nurse casts responsibility off on custom, and puts a blind trust in Providence, and the deed is done! No matter how visibly it harrows the soul of a nervous woman to have 'outsiders' about her, there are those who will persist in invading every sick-room they can reach, regardless of the condition of the patient or the probability (or lack of probability) that they may be of any service. It often happens that it is the least useful and most tactless women of a community who are most active in their attentions to the afflicted. Such visitors seriously handicap the efforts of the physician and nurses and undoubtedly cause many a death. It is astonishing to witness the recklessness of most families in regard to this phase of the care of their sick. Unless a patient is actually *in articulo mortis* the country doctor does not like to endanger his popularity by ordering the arbitrary exclusion of visitors. Without his commands to back them up the family that attempts the innovation invites and

How's This?

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St. Vitus' Dance Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Mrs. Minnie Fiedler, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, says:

"I was afflicted for years with St. Vitus' dance. The first symptoms of the disease began in 1889, when the nerves began twitching in my left hand. I consulted physicians of this city, but none of them ever did me a particle of good. After I had suffered for two and one half years, the disease continuing to grow worse, I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"It was in 1891 that I was induced to try them, and I was surprised at my rapid improvement. I took only two boxes, and was entirely cured. It was hard to realize that I, who for over two years was scarcely able to walk, and who often found it almost impossible to talk, should be restored to perfect health and in full possession of all of my powers by two boxes of this wonderful remedy.

"I am happy to state that my health is still perfect and I have never had the slightest symptoms of a return of the disease, although it is eight years since I was cured."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

gets the ostracism of the neighborhood for no short time. I would not be thought to decry the good, sensible, self-denying neighbor nurse who in almost all rural communities and in homes of slender means everywhere must supply the place of the trained nurse when the home force is not sufficient to properly care for a patient. God alone knows the extent of her usefulness or can adequately reward her. Only cheerfully sympathetic society is a benefit to convalescents, and that kind, like medicine, only at proper intervals and in right amount. In fact, so much depends upon the mood and manner of the visitor

that one might almost advise patient to observe the caution that is affixed to some prescriptions: 'Shake well before taking.'

If a man will do any good great work he must free himself from the bondage of moods, must go to his task earnestly and vigorously whether he feels like it or not.

The first appearance, even of Great Deliverer, may seem that of a great destroyer, but will at length make himself known as he is, and allay the fears of people.—[Davies.]

RET SOCIETY OF LIQUOR DEALERS.

New York dispatch says: "The rights of the Royal Arch, a semi-protective and beneficial organization in which is confined exclusively to persons engaged in the liquor traffic, has been in existence for some time past, have been organized in Hot Springs, but its field up to the present has been confined to States in South and Southwest.

Two prominent members of the order have been in New York for several days for the purpose of assuaging the sentiment toward the establishment of the order in this city. They have called a meeting of liquor men, to be held in this city to-day, when the purposes of the order will be explained and steps will be taken. The order has a total membership in the United States of 80,000. No denial is made by those interested in the order that one of its objects is to influence legislation in favor of those engaged in liquor business.

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Members are under obligation to stand by each other in matters affecting their mutual interests. The organizers make no denial of the fact that the temperance societies will be fought by the order in every way.

VANITY.

There is no vanity more complete than that of a preacher of the gospel, especially a Methodist preacher, spending his thought and time in trying to secure the high positions and honors of the church. Such a course is not only inconsistent with the ministerial calling and the spirit of Christianity, but it is as profitless as it is inconsistent and hurtful. What are these honors worth? They are as short-lived and unsatisfactory as feeding on the wind. A preacher with a soul small enough to be satisfied with such things, or to seek after them, is too little for the ministerial ranks. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul" that has been invested in little worldly or churchy honors? There are not honors enough in the whole church or world to compensate for the loss of his own soul.

LIVING IN DOUBTING CASTLES.

Why, it is salvation by doubts now-a-days instead of by faith; there are very few that dare say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, I know in whom I have believed."

Make sure of this one thing if you are not sure of anything else. It is better that you fail in health or in business, it is better that you go to some asylum, it is better for you to go to heaven from some poor-house or from some mad-house, than to go to hell in a gilded chariot. Make sure that your name is written in heaven; then you have something worth rejoicing over.—[Moody's Sermons.

The American Issue says: "A four-year-old girl in Milan, Mich., has brought suit for \$10,000 against a saloon-keeper and his bondsmen for the ruin and death of her father." If saloon-keepers had to put up the damage they cause of this kind, profits and capital would soon be absorbed.

They are only bubbles, those maiden fancies of love, marriage and motherhood. But what beautiful bubbles they are! Who does not wish that all these fancies could end as did the old fairy stories, "and they lived happy ever after." Pain soon pricks the bubbles, and nothing remains of all the hope and gladness of the bride but a bridal veil and a piece of stale wedding cake.



The only way in which happiness can be realized in marriage is by being forearmed against its dangers. Most young women are ignorant of the fact that irregularity means a derangement of the womanly functions which may have far reaching consequences after marriage. With this derangement at the start there often follow the drains, ulcerations and inflammations which make life one long misery.

A certain cure for irregularity and other diseases peculiar to women is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It contains no alcohol neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic.



"I was so weak I did not have breath to walk across my room," writes Miss Isibell Miller, of New Providence, Calloway Co., Ky. "My periods occurred too often and the hemorrhage would be prolonged and the loss of blood very excessive. I also had spells which the doctor said were fainting fits. My stomach would cramp until I could not straighten. I did not gain strength from one monthly period to another; was very weak and nervous all the time. The doctor told me he did not know what was the cause of my trouble and that I would never be any better. I lived in this way from sixteen years old to twenty-three, when the doctor dismissed my case. After this I was advised by a kind friend to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did and before I had taken two bottles of it I could work all day. I took in all six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and about five vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. I used no other medicine. I have never had a return of this trouble since."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath.

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TIME TO SPARE.

A dude while walking along the streets met a little boy, who asked him the time.

"Ten minutes to nine," said the dude.

"Well," said the boy, "at nine o'clock get your hair cut," and he took to his heels and ran, the dude after him, when, turning a corner, the dude came in contact with a policeman, nearly knocking him down.

"What's up?" said the policeman. The dude, very much out of breath, said:

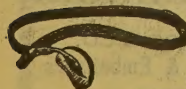
"You see that young urchin running along there? He asked me the time. I told him ten minutes to nine, and he said, 'At nine o'clock get your hair cut.'"

"Well," said the policeman, "what are you running for? You've got eight minutes more yet."—
[Good News.]

When Fatima discovered all the headless women she was much disturbed. "Who were these persons," she asked severely, "and why did you kill them?" "They were all wives of mine!" answered Bluebeard; "I killed them in order that there might be no objection to my sitting in Congress or to your moving in the best society of Washington, my darling!" At this Fatima was overcome, and implored her husband's forgiveness. —[Detroit Journal.]

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